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The Week

WITH the last day of March and the tenth day of the great battle in Picardy the German advance plainly reached its farthest west. As late as Friday there was as yet no assurance that the plugging tactics of the Germans, following upon the first rush, would not carry them through to Amiens. By the first day of this week it had become evident that a balance of forces was established. German pressure against Amiens was directed along two sides of a triangle of which Amiens was the apex and along the middle perpendicular. But on the northern face of the triangle at Albert the enemy advance was stopped after the first five days of combat at a point about sixteen miles from Amiens. On the southern face of the triangle the German onset was checked on Saturday to the west of Montdidier. On the same day the Franco-British forces began their counter-attacks in the middle sector where the Germans had penetrated to within ten miles of Amiens. The slackening of the German effort is also revealed in the number of prisoners reported from Berlin. For the first four days Berlin claimed 45,000 prisoners. For the next four days the claim was 25,000 prisoners. For the ensuing four days up to last Monday the claim was only 5,000 prisoners, from which must be subtracted prisoners taken by the Allies. With the failure of the Germans along the Montdidier-Noyon front and General Foch's assertion of last Monday that he can guarantee the safety of Amiens, the first phase of the battle may be regarded as drawing to a close.

A POIGNANT detail of the British retirement is the destruction of what had been accomplished in the way of reconstruction in the recovered area. The Quakers and others had cheered French families that had lost their homes by providing them with simple houses in which to begin life over. There was something inspiring in the picture of reconstruction during the continuance of hostilities. It typified the unconquerable spirit of a nation and of the race. It was taking hold of the future. Now all is in ruins again. Destruction must do its perfect work. Yet no one will suppose the spirit of the rebuilders crushed even by this new calamity. They will seize the first opportunity, or half-opportunity, to begin again. And the world will have a sharper sense of the meaning of such a war and a deeper determination to make this one the last of its kind.

ONE timid voice was raised in the Reichstag on behalf of the Armenians; a diffident member inquired as to the fate of the Armenians now falling into Turkish hands throughout the reconquered districts of Asia Minor. Amidst glorious debate on world politics, during the course of which Europe was remapped nearer to the Prussian military heart's desire, one representative of the German people heard the anguished sound of women's wailing and children's cries and the groans of tortured old men. It matters not that a "Government reporter" at once stifled all discussion with hypocritical assurance that Turkey "would not make the Armenian population responsible for the excesses of individuals." The time must come when that timid query will swell into an indignant chorus, loud enough to shake in their seats rulers who are permitting Armenia's remaining 800,000 to be slaughtered in cold blood.

WHILE much more momentous events are taking place on the western front, General Allenby continues his slow but sure progress in Palestine. His present northeastward advance from Jerusalem has had two objects. In the first place, to cut the Hedjaz railway on the eastern boundary of the country and so isolate Turkish forces operating further south at Medina. This he has already accomplished, by the taking of Amman on the Hedjaz railway itself. Medina, the last holy Mohammedan city in Ottoman hands, ought to surrender shortly. Allenby's second object is, by advancing northward along the Jordan, to threaten the flank of the Turkish-Syrian army now facing him from Jerusalem to the sea. He has already arrived at Es-Salt, thirty-five miles northeast of Jerusalem. If he proceeds much further north it is probable that he will, by this flanking movement, force a retirement of the enemy beyond the boundaries of Palestine. By such strategy he will have avoided the losses entailed by a frontal attack on strongly intrenched Turkish positions. The gradual clearing of Syria now being accomplished by Allenby, and the steady advance up the Euphrates illustrated by the British victory on that river reported last week, must eventually, if it continues as at present, lead to a junction of the two armies in the north at Aleppo. The result would be an immense strengthening of the British position.

IN the New York *Times* of Monday there appears a careful letter by Judge B. Russell, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, courteously criticising the editorial article on the seizure of the Dutch ships, in our issue of March 21, for its failure to deal with the question of international law involved. It is perhaps sufficient to point out in reply that our comment, which was written in full recognition of the principle of international law in question, was devoted specifically to the psychological, and if we may still use the word in international affairs, the moral, results involved. We questioned, not the legality of the seizure, but the effects of the action on neutral opinion, notably in Holland, and consequently on our moral prestige at the peace conference. As to that, let the official reply of the Dutch Government, which appears in the same issue of the *Times* with Judge Russell's letter, speak for us:

> The Netherlands Government deems it its duty, especially in serious times such as the present, to speak with complete candor. It voices the sentiments of the entire Dutch nation, which sees in the seizure an act of violence which it will oppose with all the energy of its conviction and its wounded national feeling.
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> The American Government has always appealed to right and justice, has always come forward as the champion of small nations. That it now coöperates in an act diametrically opposed to those principles is a proceeding which can find no counterweight in the manifestations of friendship or assurances of lenient application of the wrong committed.

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THE long deadlock between Japan and the United States upon the shipping question was two-edged, preventing Japan's full development of her yards for want of steel plates, and our use of Japanese-built ships in the submarine zone. Twenty steamers, aggregating 100,000 tons, are not much to obtain of a country which has well over 2,000,000 tons, and is building by the hundred thousand tons where before the war it built by the ten thousand; but it is hoped by further negotiations to obtain 200,000 added tons. The War Trade Board, announcing the conclusion of the new agreement, commends the disposition of Japan to regard "the furnishing of tonnage for Allied war needs in the light of a patriotic contribution to Allied war purposes," and in this disposition rests its confidence of getting more vessels. All of them are large, modern, and fast, just the ships needed in the Atlantic. Step by step the shipping resources and the shipbuilding resources of the whole world are being brought into play against the submarine menace. The German Admiralty undertook an enormous task when it set out to sink the best part of Great Britain's twenty million gross tons of mercantile marine; and it now finds itself trying to cope with all but a small fraction of the whole world's shipping.

ANOTHER dark conspiracy of the Washington Administration has been foiled. The plot to "lynch" General Leonard Wood was detected last week by some of our most eminent newspaper sleuths. They at once saw through the plan to get rid of General Wood by sending him before the examining board in order that his physical fitness for command might be determined. It would be found, of course, that he had an ingrowing nail, or something of the kind, whereupon the President would gleefully order him to be retired. It is something of a come-down from these romantics to read that after all General Wood was merely called upon to do what is required of all other officers, that he passed his examination with flying colors, and has already been assigned to a command. But it will be only a short time before the Commander-in-Chief is caught by the detectives of the press in another attempt to impair the efficiency of the army.

THERE is such a thing as telling the disagreeable truth and there is such a thing as unmanly whining. Under the guise of doing the former, Republican Senators have been doing far too much of the latter. And a long and dismal whine has come from Oyster Bay, of all places on earth. Now, it would be easy to show that these revellers in gloom are wrong about many of their facts. They certainly are in the matter of ships, as Chairman Hurley's careful statistical statement was showing at the very time the ululations were coming from the Capitol. And the whole question of our troops being in France without sufficient heavy guns and aeroplanes of American manufacture turns upon the policy of acceding to the urgent request of the French Government that the men be sent and the needed equipment be supplied in France. But even granting the truth of every charge made by Senator Lodge and Senator Poindexter and Colonel Roosevelt, what good purpose can be served by emitting helpless moans? The implication of these gentlemen is, of course, that they were the only men wise before the event, and that if their advice had been taken, or, better, they had been elected to office to do the work, all would have been perfectly done. Concede this, if they will have it so. Admit that the Administration has bungled and blundered. But is this a time for groanings that cannot be uttered? Can a man be called either wise or public-spirited who chooses the moment when the country is tense with anxiety to weep and wail over America's mistakes? If Uncle Sam could say a word in the ear of these ostentatious whiners, we think it would be: "This is not an hour for crying over spilt milk. Buckle down to the work that has to be done, put a cheerful courage on, and, anyhow, leave off caterwauling."

ACCORDING to Washington, the country is threatened with a huge surplus of potatoes, and everybody is being asked to substitute them for bread and meat as much as possible. Buckle made an ungracious reflection upon the potato when he held it accountable for Ireland's backward state. You can get more food out of its cultivation with less work than out of almost any other plant grown in temperate zones. In the present war that is exactly what all the nations involved need. The potato has supported Germans even more effectually than Englishmen during the past three years. Now comes our turn to discover that we can send wheat to our allies and eat potatoes, which might spoil in transit. Habit is a tyrant hard to conquer. We must very largely substitute for the habit of breaking bread that of breaking the jacket of a well-baked potato. The Food Administration is doing its share in keeping tab on market conditions and letting the public know its duty in the premises. With more potatoes, and, on account of abolition of meatless days, more meat available, we again show our willingness to do what is required of us. The Hotel-Keepers' Convention in Washington excellently illustrated this willingness, even eagerness, to meet all patriotic demands.

THE cause of the explosion in Jersey City last week seems to have been direct violation of the law, with the guilt divided between the owners of the warehouse and an employee. The owners stored explosives that, according to report, they did not think would explode. The employee smoked a cigarette, that, of course, he did not think would do any damage. The moral is so plain that one fears that it will not be heeded. Nothing but unrelenting enforcement of rules made for the purpose of protecting life and property can make such rules worth the paper they are written on. If the owners of the warehouse did not think that the stuff they were storing would explode, why was there no official to set them right and to prevent them from doing what they did? It may be hoped that the price they have paid for their little mistake will impress the lesson upon them, and as no lives were lost, one is tempted to say that it is just as well that the accident happened. It may prevent worse ones. As for the reckless employee, it may as well be recognized that there are a considerable number of men who will not pay attention to rules against smoking even in powder factories unless they are compelled to do so. Is there any reason why we should go on allowing ourselves to be possible victims of their criminal obstinacy?

TO build a great rapid transit system in the face of fast-mounting costs and many delays, and to operate it piecemeal as built, is a work naturally accompanied by discouragements. The city of New York must not let them alter its determination to see the task through with faith in its immense ultimate benefits. Commissioner Travis

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Whitney reports that the deficits since the first trains ran through the Centre Street loop in August, 1913, amount to slightly over $6,000,000. But look at the larger outlines. Before those first trains ran through the Centre Street loop we had 296 miles of rapid transit track. The whole system, now almost complete, will have 618 miles. The cost of constructing and equipping the dual system, which was estimated in 1913 at $337,000,000, is now placed at nearly $400,000,000; and the city, accepting this new cost as inevitable under war conditions, can accept its share in a temporary operating deficit which was always foreseen. Within months the dual system will be operating in its entirety, and its test as a whole will begin only then. A few years from now it ought to be steadily profitable. The city did not undertake the transit partnership to make a direct profit, but to permit expansion of population and property over a wide territory.

KANSAS is nothing if not surprising. Her latest development is a crop of Northcliffes, who are looked upon with mingled alarm and admiration. At the top of the pile is Arthur Capper, Governor and leading candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator. It is a question whether or not he has ever taken time to count up the number of his publications, which range from the Topeka *Daily Capital* to a flock of farm journals that reach every corner of the State. Henry Allen, who has his eye upon the chair that Capper wants to leave gracefully, runs the Wichita *Daily Beacon,* after having shown what he could do with nobody knows how many smaller newspapers over the State. Between them, aided by their journalistic friends, these two men have almost a monopoly of newspaper support in Kansas. That of some of their rivals is comic. Bristow, for instance, is supported in his candidacy for the Senate by hardly more than one newspaper, the Salina *Journal*—which he owns. W. Y. Morgan, who wants to be Governor, is favored by a bare half-dozen newspapers, led by the Hutchinson *News*—which he owns. Ex-Governor Stubbs does not own any newspaper, and is without the support of a single one of importance. Other candidates are fortunate to have the support of the newspapers of their counties. Finally, there is William Allen White, who scorns office, but makes candidates tremble with the Emporia *Gazette.*

THE world does move, even during a cataclysm. And it is a long step forward in industrial relations that is taken by the Standard Oil Company in its invitation to its employees to coöperate with it in seeing that they receive fair treatment. The announcement is also a confession. For it was at Bayonne, one of the plants affected, that a short year and a half ago there were outbreaks of dissatisfaction among the men, outbreaks traced to the attitude of local officials of the company. Apparently, the higher officers have seen the folly of refusing to consider complaints from men who are part and parcel of the organization, however humble they may be, and have adopted a formal change of policy. Of course, it is the spirit behind such an announcement that makes it count. It sets up machinery by which the men may be officially represented in conferences with representatives of the company at its main office at 26 Broadway. Every hundred and fifty employees may elect one of these representatives. This makes the units small enough for every man to exert influence in getting his ideas before the conference. The experiment will be watched with keen interest as a possible model for other industries.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY, the noted—some would say notorious—French composer, whose death was announced last week, did not approve of applause in concert halls and opera houses. "When you see the death of the sun, that daily fairy display," he asked, "has it ever come into your minds to applaud?" This reference to a gorgeous sunset epitomizes his music, which is chiefly color and impressionism, without much pattern or coherence. When he won the great prize at the Paris Conservatoire and sent from Rome his symphonic suite, "Spring," the judges, among whom were Gounod, Delibes, Thomas, Reyer, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns, pronounced it "insufficiently precise in form and design," while his next work, "The Blessed Damozel," was also condemned for "vagueness of expression." These things remained the principal characteristics of his music to the end. He did not deny the charge, but gloried in it, and he won a big following. Some of his champions went so far as to declare that his "Pelléas et Mélisande" superseded Wagner, and that his piano pieces made Chopin seem commonplace and antiquated. He shared with Brahms the good luck of being taken up by all those who chafed under the Wagner tyranny, and it must be said that, apart from Wagner, no other modern composer has been so widely imitated in all countries as Debussy. His constant use of the whole-tone scale and augmented intervals made it easy to imitate him. A clever pianist can make any piece sound as if Debussy had composed it.

THE sale of the Degas collection in Paris gives practical proof again of the oft-repeated assertion that artists are often the best judges of paintings. An artist's own manner may indicate to us no more than his limitations. Coleridge proved his universality more as appreciator of literature than as poet. Masefield does not let his own peculiarities of style blind him to other æsthetic values. And now it appears that Degas, who painted in a narrow vein, was a collector of catholic taste and sound discrimination. Pictures of almost all the modern schools, Ingres, Delacroix, Manet, appear in the sale catalogue. That they are excellent examples is proved by the prices they fetch in spite of the bombardment of the capital which the bidders can hear from the auction rooms. This sale is, in respect of evenness of merit, in contrast with that of the collection of a well-known connoisseur, not an artist, which was recently held in New York.

OUR interference with our clocks leads one to wonder whether we could not go on and fool ourselves a little more. Most people have a secret pleasure in the process. "Don't tell me you have sugared these peas," pleads the epicure; "let me believe." Why should not the traditional spring-time languor be converted this thrifty year into waves of energy? A slight further alteration of our mental timepieces will push us into June or back into the frosty days, and by conscientiously saying each morning as one glances at his perjured watch, "I always feel my best at this time of the year," conserve contentment along with daylight. The system would have to be generally understood, of course, for a summer devotee would resent having his attention called to the glorious winter sunset in August. But if a false clock can make us rise early, a false calendar may banish spring fever. Kant has said, at some length, that our time is our own.

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America and the Unified Command

GENERAL PERSHING'S offer of the American army to Foch, an offer now accepted, may seem at first sight a bit of unnecessary etiquette in face of a very serious reality. Yet the proprieties had to be observed in the case of a nation which has been one of the Allies from its entrance into the war, but technically has not been an ally. The free use of our army by French leadership must have been regarded as a probability from the first, and became a certainty with the moment America took the lead in pressing for a unity of direction through a Supreme War Council. Like the appointment of Foch, the offer from Pershing was decided upon months ago.

The superiority of French leadership to British leadership must be accepted as one of the lessons of the war. In this there is no reflection on the spirit or native qualities of the British command, from the General Staff down to leaders of the small fighting units. The fact follows inevitably from basic conditions. The British army is, comparatively, an improvised army. More than six million men have had to be pyramided on a foundation of less than 200,000 men which was the British army at the outbreak of the war. It has been obviously different with the French, whose *cadres* were large enough to embrace such an expansion of the national army as has taken place. Much may be learned in the course of three years of war, and the British have learned. Yet it requires an education of generations to train the imagination of army leadership to think in the enormous quantities brought forward by the war. At the base of the army machine is the non-commissioned officer. To its great reserves of non-coms. the efficiency of the German army has largely been attributed, and also its capacity for expansion and the task of rapid education of raw fighting material. Here again Great Britain, in the nature of the case, had to improvise.

The advent of the American army brought up the problem in an intensified form. Was the experience of the British army to be repeated? Were critical months and years to be spent in educating our officers to their task? Take one detail of leadership only, though an important one—namely, the handling of reserves. The British record in this respect shows some tragic failures from Neuve Chapelle and Loos in the first year of the war to Cambrai last November. On the other hand, in the use of reserve strength the French have shown their highest genius. They won the battle of the Marne in this fashion. They saved Verdun in this manner. Were we to face the possibility of a great American army taking over an important section of the front yet compelled to learn this branch of the business of generalship only through bitter experience? It is to the credit of our purposes and our spirit in entering the war that from the first we were content to accept the rôle of learners and subordinates, though that attitude was made easier for us, no doubt, by the comparatively small numbers we could hope to place in the battle-line for some time to come. More than that, the American people as a whole, free from particularism, have been willing to think of their human resources as no more than so many extra classes of recruits at the disposal of the French command, to be used as French reinforcements would be used.

Added to the reasons why in any scheme of unified command the supreme direction should fall to the French is the mere question of proportional responsibility which the French have borne and will continue to bear. Before the beginning of the great battle the French held 300 miles out of the 425 miles of front from the Channel to Belfort, including the short American sector. The British held about 110 miles, and Belgians and Portuguese the rest. To-day the British hold about 95 miles and the French hold about 345 miles. For the British the battle-front has actually shortened by fifteen miles from Arras to their junction with the French. For the latter the line has lengthened out by nearly fifty miles. The preponderance of the French grows still more plain if we think of the necessity of keeping guard along the entire length of front not now in action for another such blow as the Germans delivered on March 21; for it is pretty well agreed that this first battle may easily be the opening phase of a much larger plan. It was precisely in face of such a contingency that the Army of Manœuvre was created; and yet its main strength has not been brought into play.

If American troops are now being directed towards the front near Amiens instead of being detailed to quieter sections of the front, one reason would be that in our present state of preparedness the Amiens battle-front offers the better opportunity for utilizing our strength. The elaborate technique of trench warfare is harder to assimilate than the older principles of open warfare; and it is open fighting that is now under way in the Arras-Amiens-Noyon triangle. We have every ground for believing that the native qualities shown by raw British troops at Ypres in November, 1914, will not be lacking in our own levies.

"Guilt of the World-War"

WHATEVER else may be said of the revelations made by Prince Lichnowsky, they constitute an historical document of the highest importance. Here we have the testimony of a first-hand witness. The Prince was German Ambassador in London when the war broke out, was privy to the most critical of the diplomatic negotiations, and speaks of what he knows. Apparently, he did not intend to publish his evidence at the present time. He had written it out as a kind of political testament, for his family and friends, but it was shown around and finally "leaked" into the press, very much as did Herr Ballin's letter to Privy Councillor Rathenau. Prince Lichnowsky is, in fact, to be tried for violation of diplomatic secrecy, and probably worse crimes, his excuse that he did not mean his disclosures to see the light having availed him nothing. But the mischief is done. Not only in Stockholm but in Berlin has the perilous stuff got into print; and nothing but the absorption in the fighting in France has prevented the world from echoing with it.

The ordinary German reply to the Prince's charges is already indicated. He is a sorehead. This may be true. He left England sorrowfully admitting that his career was ruined, inasmuch as he had informed the Berlin Government that, in his opinion, the English would not go to war. He was said to have been severely snubbed by the Kaiser on his return to Germany. Hence it is easy to say that he is a man with a grievance. It was also said in the Reichstag, by a spokesman for the Foreign Office, that the Prince had

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a great admiration for the diplomacy of every country except his own. He was charged with being an Anglophile, which is at least as crushing an accusation in Germany today as it was in the United States thirty or forty years ago. Doubtless, Prince Lichnowsky has been exposed to other kinds of attack and abuse. But all this is beside the mark. The Prince may be everything that is alleged; he may have had a wrong idea of Anglo-German relations; he may be filled with prejudices and grudges; but the real question is whether he tells the truth about what went on, to his knowledge, in Berlin during July, 1914, and whether he accurately reports the attitude and the language of his superiors, the Chancellor and the Foreign Ministry. Until this part of his story is broken down or refuted, all the railing at his motives is a mere beating of the air.

Prince Lichnowsky's statements fit into what was already known. He confirms other witnesses. To rumors and suspicions he gives confirmation. Thus his testimony has not at all the air of being manufactured, but of falling in with facts and situations familiar before. Take, for example, the famous "Potsdam conference" of July 5, 1914. Its existence was first alleged, so far as we know, by Herr Haase, a Socialist member of the Reichstag. The assertion was that the Kaiser and the military chiefs and certain civilian officials had conferred over the probable outcome of the embroilment of Servia and Austria, and had decided to pursue a course which they knew would lead to war. The Government, shortly after Herr Haase's charge, issued an official denial that any such gathering ever met in Potsdam. But this must have been only technical, if not a bold attempt to deceive, since the fact of the Potsdam meeting has been established by different kinds of independent evidence. Prince Lichnowsky speaks of it as if it were perfectly well known. It was not the conference but its decision that interested him; and he reports that decision to have been a deliberate choice of war with Russia. His interviews with von Bethmann-Hollweg and with the Foreign Minister, von Jagow, left him in no doubt that this policy had been adopted. When he warned of the danger of all Europe, including England, being drawn in, von Jagow replied: "Germany must simply risk it." It was this conviction that the German Government had deliberately brought on the war, together with the subsequent tortuous policy respecting Austria and Russia, which leads Prince Lichnowsky to record his belief that the whole civilized world cannot be blamed for attributing to Germany the "sole guilt for the world war."

Some day, perhaps thirty years from now, the full documentary evidence will be available to historical students, and the whole story will be told. But we already have it in accurate outline. One aspect of it is indisputable. The military party had its way, in beginning the war, and has had its way in Germany ever since. Whenever there has been a difference or a clash between the civil government and the army chiefs, the latter have had their way. They have allowed successive Chancellors and Foreign Ministers to talk in the Reichstag and address notes or speeches to foreign nations, but when the time for action came, it was the Supreme Command that showed itself dominant in Germany. An inadvertent proof of this has just been furnished by General Ludendorff. Boasting about the length and completeness of the military preparations for the present great offensive, he said that the order for it was given on February 1. Yet it was after that date that Chancellor Hertling was speaking about Germany's readiness to agree to President Wilson's four points and expressing a desire to gather around a table at a peace conference. It is now plain that either this was fraud and hypocrisy and an attempt to blind the Allies to the military stroke preparing, or else the Chancellor was coolly overridden by the Supreme Command. Either way, the demonstration is complete that the militarists are in full control in Germany. It is this which has made even the Labor party in England and the Socialists everywhere outside of Germany give up all talk of peace, for the present, and abandon their plans for an international conference. First, they hold, the German militarists must be speared out of the saddle.

The Peace Issue

. . . the German sword will win us peace. . . . The coming world peace will then, through the German sword, be more assured than hitherto, so help us God.—[Emperor William.

Our next duty is to introduce the policy of permanent preparedness. . . . After the war is over all these foolish pacifist creatures will again raise their piping voices against preparedness and in favor of devices for maintaining peace without effort. . . . It is a hundred times more important for us to prepare our strength for our own defence than to enter into any of these peace treaties.—[Theodore Roosevelt.

We are not going to give in—not until we have established the world on the new basis. Under the new basis let us have no more standing armies. . . . As long as you have militarism, as long as you have standing armies and these powers, poor suffering mankind will never see that development.—[Gen. Smuts.

THESE three statements, all laid before the American people within a period of forty-eight hours, present clearly the major issue that is to be determined at the end of this war—is there or is there not to be a new order? It is with no desire to score points, or to indicate disagreement at a time when unity is imperative, that we call attention to the agreement between the American ex-President and the German Kaiser, as against the South African warrior-statesmen, that peace in future must rest on the sword. The German sword would impose an unrighteous peace on an unwilling world; the American sword, needless to say, wielded by Mr. Roosevelt, would maintain solely a peace of righteousness—but both alike would rest on unconquerable force.

As opposed to these two champions of naked might we hear the piping voice of the foolish pacifist creature from South Africa, the creature that did not hesitate a decade and a half ago to draw the sword against the mightiest empire of the modern world, in behalf of what he believed to be the right, and who triumphed in defeat, who again drew the sword with the outbreak of the present struggle, and who now challenges his fellow-citizens of the British Commonwealth to stand fast till victory comes—to what end? That the British Empire may have the military power to make its righteous will effective throughout the world? That universal military service throughout the British dominions may make the Empire safe from attack? It is not thus that this warrior speaks. His talk is of moral principles, of adjustments based on self-government and freedom, of the abolition, not the reduction, of standing armies. Trained in the school of war, of politics, and of diplomacy, this statesman yet believes in the possibility of a real peace, based on justice and fairness and mutual consideration among states. He may be wrong, but at least his career is not that of an impractical visionary. And if he is wron-

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then, no matter what else happens, Germany will have won this war, for she will have led the world to accede to armed might as the ultimate arbiter in the affairs of states.

After the agony of the years just past, the American people and all the peoples, we believe, if ever they clearly understand this issue, will not accept defeat; for the unsophisticated man is ready to believe with General Smuts that we see to-day "the agonies of a dying world," a world of force and violence that with increasing definiteness the peoples have willed to have no more—and woe to the statesman who stands in their way or fails to guide them to their goal. Two leaders, President Wilson and General Smuts, have seen the issue clearly and have reiterated over and over one idea—that the important thing is not to pile up military preparations to prevent the next war, but to strive with all our might to secure conditions of peace and world organization to make future wars impossible. President Wilson has used the resounding words justice, freedom, and self-government, but instead of making them a mere cover and front for the emotional state induced by a national crisis, he has striven, with growing definiteness and success, to give actual content to those words, to point out the application of those principles, as we see them, to concrete territorial and racial problems. And always he has kept in the forefront the question of world organization.

The President's diplomacy has not been working in isolation for a new world order. The Russian revolution, for all the disastrous accompanying military collapse and internal disorder, has yet removed from the world a militarist autocracy that was a constant threat to peace. British labor has set its face like flint against a British imperialistic peace and in favor of a real peace—organization, disarmament, and all. The world over, outside the Central Powers, the democratic forces appear on the whole to have been growing more definite in ideas and better organized in action for a real peace. Can we snatch it out of the welter?

President Wilson and General Smuts both believe in the possibility of a permanent, guaranteed peace. Both hold such a peace the only gain for which the democratic peoples can hope. Both realize that it is to be attained, if at all, only by a skilful composition of the mighty forces loosed by this earth-shaking war, a composition guided by understanding, faith, and vision. Against them are arrayed not only the terrific military forces of the German Empire, but the mighty moral and intellectual powers of imperialism and stupidity in the Allied countries. The German military caste have made abundantly clear to all of us the menace of Prussian militarism. But as Mr. Roosevelt's address makes clear, many of us have not the imagination or the faith to see any actual alternative to Prussian militarism after the war except an American militarism, a British militarism, an Allied militarism too mighty for its Prussian rival. They agree with the Kaiser that "when mankind changes these things also will change, but first mankind must begin to change."

That is the issue that we face. A whole-hearted faith in the vision of the American President and the South African Premier, and such a faith alone, we believe, can make us strong enough to win this war; for, as General Smuts has said, in words that we do well to recall with Germany thundering at the western gates: "This is not a war of armies; this is not a military war. In the end this war will be decided on the moral forces set going in this war, which are far stronger than any army, artillery, or munitions of war."

Bias in History

"HISTORY is past politics." This inscription in the historical seminar of Johns Hopkins University presents an incomplete truth, for much history is present politics. The death of Henry Adams recalls the feeling of many Southern scholars that his work betrayed prejudice, or at least an imperfect sympathy with the South, Jefferson, and Democratic-Republicanism. The first good American history, Hildreth's, was a sort of Federalist tract in its treatment of events from 1790 to 1825. The sons of Jefferson's followers put forward their own champion in George Tucker, who wrote upon the same topics avowedly as a Southern Democrat. At the time that Henry Adams wrote his thorough examination of the period when feeling flamed highest between the Virginia and New England parties, his name assured a suspicious South that here was a volley of barbed arrows. His analysis of the contradictory character of Jefferson, and condemnation of many of his acts, his just censure of Madison as war President, confirmed its belief that insensibly this descendant of Jefferson's chief enemy was unfair. It was useless to point to Adams's sharp treatment of a narrow, grasping New England, and of the "monarchical Federalists." Southerners remained firm, and candid men will admit some reason for their opinion.

Adams's history cannot be read out of court by whatever bias it may have; its merits are too great to be impaired by a little partisan pungency. Of late we hear much about the scientific spirit in history, coldly, unswervingly truthful; but history being primarily an interpretation, we may feel sure that it will not lose the controversial flavor that is part of its real vitality. At least half of all the great histories are from one point of view political pamphlets; for great issues have a way of maintaining themselves from one epoch to another, and under cover of re-fighting old historical battles, the writers fight in immediate, present conflicts. Greek history has never dropped far enough behind us to enable men to write of it with detachment. Gillies, Mitford, and Thirlwall treated of it from the Tory point of view, influenced by their hatred of the French Revolution; and the very animosity they excited inspired George Grote to write a democratic, liberal history. He first expressed his ideas in an essay-review of Mitford. Rome is still a battlefield between republicans and imperialists. Mommsen, stanch admirer of Cæsar, hater of Cicero and the Senate, believed that the empire was a necessary remedy for the hopeless decay of the republic, and made his belief a stalking horse from behind which to shoot at German republicanism. Froude made of Roman history simply a demonstration of his Carlylean taste for heroes; but Napoleon III took his stand by Mommsen. He confessed that he wrote "for the purpose of proving that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; to accomplish in years the work of centuries."

Were we readier to look upon history as present politics as well as past and dead politics, we could better appreciate its usefulness when rightly written, its menace when wrongly. Grote and Dr. Arnold were right in thinking it of real moment, from the standpoint of politics as well as truth, whether the general public and the schoolboys read Greek and Roman history in writers who magnified the faults of

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democracy, loaded its leaders with invective, and lauded all tyrants. The British have seen to it that no succession of Clarendons wrote their constitutional history. It was because he felt the importance of history to current politics that Hazlitt gave up more purely literary occupations to write a five-volume Life of Napoleon, defending the French Revolution. Lord Acton remarked that the two nations in which history is in closest touch with national life, and best able to "make opinions mightier than laws," are France and Germany.

If the schools of French and British history have on the whole led along the right paths, those of Germany have not. To Ranke, whom Bismarck named with Shakespeare and the Bible as his favorite reading, William I himself explained in 1860 that "all Prussia's history proves that she is destined to take the lead in German affairs"; and Ranke recorded his approval of such "historico-political conceptions." Sybel and Treitschke carried on the work of educating their readers to a belief in centralization, imperialism, and, to a large extent, armed force.

It is largely the truth of history itself which corrects improper interpretations of it. It is always possible for a fair-minded, competent man to take the misinterpretation of history and demonstrate the point at which its views and conclusions deviate from the line of truth. The lessons of history are essentially just and moral. An immoral, foolish view, as the German view that "war pays," can be disproved overwhelmingly. With this truth of history a more abstract truth of philosophy must often coöperate in demolishing false doctrines. The democratic philosophy, for example, can be over-stressed, but the world is ever surer that it is the philosophy with which the trend of history harmonizes.

Literary Reactions

THE English critic, Dr. A. C. Bradley, recently delivered a lecture in which he thrust at what he termed "the reaction against Tennyson"; and, by natural implication, the whole reaction against Victorianism. Whether such a stroke is needed may be questioned. There has been some evidence of late that Tennyson and the mighty family of Victorians are recovering vogue; the real reaction is against Ibsen and Shaw! From sophistication we seem ready to go back to simple-mindedness, from cynicism to the didacticism of the time when moral problems were uppermost; and from the smartness of paradox to a direct and dignified style. We need no longer utter an apologetic word about being old-fashioned in reaching past George Moore for George Eliot, or Thomas Hardy for Thomas Carlyle. But the new rejections are themselves "reactions." What is the general tendency of these reactions, and why and how do they overcome us like summer clouds?

They are the world-old ups and downs of fashion in literature. Doubtless young Greeks of Sophocles's day talked scornfully of Æschylus, and those of Euripides's time mingled enthusiasm for the newcomers with reverence for Æschylus and scorn for Sophocles. We remember how poor Colonel Newcome was troubled by the knowing talk of Clive's friends:

> He heard opinions that amazed and bewildered him; he heard that Byron was no great poet, but a very clever man . . . that his favorite, Dr. Johnson, talked admirably, but did not write English; that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael; and that a young gentleman of Cambridge who had lately published two volumes of verse might take rank with the greatest poets of all. Dr. Johnson not write English! Lord Byron not one of the greatest poets of the world! Sir Walter a poet of the second order! Mr. Pope attacked for inferiority and want of imagination! Mr. Keats and this young Mr. Tennyson of Cambridge the chiefs of modern poetic literature!

All the names here mentioned have undergone vicissitudes. Byron, after a long eclipse—longer than was thought likely when Arnold predicted that 1900 would see him and Wordsworth rated the first two poets of the century—is yearly emerging more and more. When Cranford was written, every one was ready to echo Captain Brown's "D——n Dr. Johnson!" to the silly old lady; but Johnson is becoming a Great Cham again. "Where," asks a recent critic "shall you find one who wrote on almost everything, and said so little, whether on attics, morals, or Shakespeare, which is not still true and still important?" The Keatsian burns with indignation to-day when he recalls that Shelley spoke of the poet just after his death as one of the inheritors of *unfulfilled* renown. Keats began climbing fast to his due place about 1880, when Arnold, Colvin, and Buxton Forman united to present his case. Each age makes a variety of mistakes in its appraisals, rating some men too high and others too low; there ensues a period of reappraisal, marked partly by iconoclasm and partly by a rising appreciation of neglected men; and when this subsides calm estimates may begin. Every age reflects itself in its books.

Yet the process of reaction is usually healthy. Dr. Bradley admits that it was so in Tennyson's case, though he thinks that some critics carried it too far. Dickens was worshipped too fervently in his late lifetime, but his enduring merits are such that he could well afford to defy the acid test of reaction. Take the attitude of three successive critics towards Dickens's emotional scenes. Jeffrey wrote to Dickens of Paul Dombey's death, that "I have so cried and sobbed over it last night and again this morning, and felt my heart purified by those tears and blessed and loved you for making me shed them." Stevenson was angered by this and similar scenes into the declaration that Dickens "wallowed naked in the pathetic." A later, discriminating judgment is that of Paul Elmer More, who condemns bathos where it occurs, but adds: "At his best there is a tenderness in the pathos of Dickens, a divine tenderness, I had almost said, which no other of our novelists has ever found." The reaction against Moore's anapestic sentimentalities was not such that it swept away his Irish melodies. The reaction against that adroit trimmer of sails to the popular wind, Bulwer-Lytton, swift and deserved, was not so complete but that "The Caxtons" and some other novels, and the collected review-essays, are still read. The reaction against Victorianism served us well in burying most of Charles Reade, but it could not bury "The Cloister and the Hearth"; and though it carried most of Trollope to oblivion, his half-dozen best novels survive.

Where we could wish the process more effective is in giving the neglected author, or work of merit, a higher esteem. The general reaction against the typical Victorian did not do a great deal to raise up the contrasting George Meredith; and Landor's prediction that he would sup late at the feast of appreciation will soon have to be amended to read "very late." The spirit of reaction has just now turned fiercely upon Stevenson; but the critics who rend him limb from limb might well nominate some one for his place.

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The British Empire and a League of Peace

By GEORGE BURTON ADAMS

THE problem of forming a workable federation for the British Commonwealth of Nations is the problem of forming a workable league of peace for all English-speaking nations. Fundamentally the two problems are the same. So far as this problem concerns the British Empire, men have worked upon it, with many differing proposals and much discussion, for half a century. But the plans proposed have been exclusively along a single line: to find some means for the representation of the outlying Dominions in a central parliament of the Empire, either in the existing Parliament of the British Isles or in an imperial parliament. Even the latest proposal of an imperial organization, the most carefully elaborated that has ever been presented, and based upon a very wide collection of opinions, insists upon the necessity of an imperial parliament. It is not strange that a central parliament should seem to British students of the problem indispensable. The control of the executive by the legislature through a cabinet of responsible ministers is so successful in practice and so thoroughly democratic, allowing the quickest action of public opinion upon the central government of any political machinery yet devised, that it may well seem that no British government can exist without it. And yet there can be no doubt that such a conclusion overlooks three important facts: first, that the alliance to be formed is a commonwealth of nations, not a commonwealth of provinces; second, that within a commonwealth of nations internal legislation is not merely out of place but dangerous; third, the proposal overlooks the experience of the United States.

(1.) To call the alliance to be formed even within the British Empire a commonwealth of nations is not a misnomer. The five Dominions usually counted, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland, are practically now independent nations so far as the legislation of any imperial parliament is concerned. In saying this I am not overlooking the continued survival of the signs and forms of an earlier legislative dependence which was more real. Enabling acts are still sometimes necessary; colonial acts may still be disallowed; the British Parliament may still legislate in regard to some matters of intercolonial trade; appeals still lie under certain conditions from colonial decisions to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. But it is a commonplace of knowledge throughout the Empire that all the survivals of that earlier dependence which still exist are formal and technical rather than real. So true is this that a student of imperial affairs has declared that the Dominions have been granted every item of self-government upon which they have insisted, including the regulation of immigration and of commercial relations, and that if anything has not yet been granted them it is because they have not insisted upon it. An attempt by the British Parliament to impose legislation upon these Dominions without their consent is an impossibility, and if legislation upon an imperial, intercolonial question should again be necessary, it will be adopted with as full consideration of colonial opinion as if adopted by the colonies themselves. All signs of the past generation indicate that agreements upon intercolonial questions in the future will be reached by the methods in use among independent nations, negotiation and conference, not by legislation from above. The first step towards a British federation is a clear recognition of this fact with all that it logically involves, and the first step towards forming a league of the English-speaking nations for peace is a full recognition of the fact that it is to be formed, not between two independent nations, to which are attached certain dependencies, but between seven nations which stand on the same footing in relation to their international interests and which are to be equal partners in due proportion in all that is done.

(2.) If it be admitted that the members of an alliance, whether a British Imperial Union or an English-speaking alliance for peace, are independent nations, it follows that internal legislation is not a natural consequence. It could undoubtedly be made possible by the terms of the union, but it would have to be artificially provided for by special enactment. The natural method of settling internal questions would still be negotiation and conference, rendered no doubt especially easy by the existence of the alliance, but not changed in character. A heavy burden of proof rests on those who would create an imperial parliament for real legislation where none now exists. And that is not the way of safety. The greatest danger in any federal union is the temptation to impose legislation upon a local unit for which it is not ready, or to which it is strongly opposed. Within the British Empire the temptation is already at hand in the widely divergent views among the different units on the subject of intercolonial migration, and the danger of uniform legislation on the matter is unmistakable. The result least dangerous to the union which could follow such legislation where feeling is strongly engaged would be that which has followed the violation of the principle of federal government in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, local nullification. Experience shows that even such subjects as internal commerce, involving the vexed questions of protective tariffs, and naturalization are best left to local legislation. Why then create the risk? The natural and safe method is local independence and negotiation under the influence of common imperial public opinion, and the general principle which should be clearly recognized is that the primary and most essential object of a British federation or of an English-speaking alliance is not internal regulation but external unity.

(3.) Avowedly one of the chief reasons, if not the chief, for considering an imperial parliament necessary is to secure the responsibility of the executive in the British way. Responsibility secured in some way is a necessity. No constitution, no alliance or federation, no common understanding even, which disregards the matter can hope to obtain the sanction of democratic nations. But it does not follow that the British method of the responsible ministry is the only method of enforcing executive responsibility.

The British method of cabinet responsibility goes back to a time when the legislature was still the best means of gathering and focussing public opinion. It is founded wholly on the theory that through the representatives of the people the will of the nation can best be declared and brought to bear upon the executive. In the eighteenth century, when the responsible ministry was invented, this was still the

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case. It is probable also that the American Congress has departed farther from this ideal of representative government than any other legislature, but it merely stands in advance on the road which all are following. In this fact consists a part of the value of American experience. It would be, I think, difficult to find a student of public affairs in this country who believes that the public opinion of the United States is best ascertained through Congress, or in the matter of general policy is in ordinary cases brought to bear upon the executive by means of Congress. Such a student would be more likely to maintain the opposite, that in many cases during the last twenty years the executive has brought the majority opinion of the country to bear upon Congress. In reality while the President undoubtedly makes use of the knowledge of individual members of Congress, he has other and better means of finding out the judgment of the nation, means unknown to the eighteenth century. On the morning after President Wilson's speech of February 3, 1917, on submarine warfare, the New York *Times* laid before its readers an impressive collection of opinion upon it from all parts of the country, of fifty-nine newspapers, including seventeen German-language papers, of sixteen Governors of States and of two State Legislatures, and of many men of prominence.

In England itself in extremely important matters the public opinion of the nation has been ascertained and faithfully acted upon without parliamentary action. This has even been done in the making and unmaking of Cabinets. Twice since the war began the Cabinet has been reconstructed, once involving the fall of the Prime Minister, with no preliminary declaration of Parliament whatever. But, notwithstanding the comment of certain extreme radicals, it would be absurd to maintain that the Ministry of Mr. Lloyd George did not take office because of a public demand, or that it could maintain itself for a moment if it lost public confidence, whether Parliament registered the change or not. As a distinguished English publicist said at the time: "In the present instance the House has not been defied, but it has not been consulted. Mr. Lloyd George draws his strength from outside the walls of Parliament; he owes his elevation to a kind of informal and irregular, but unmistakably emphatic, plebiscite. The House of Commons did not make him Premier; it is doubtful whether it could unmake him." The truth is that Parliament is no longer a channel through which the nation communicates with the Government or declares what the Government could not otherwise know, nor an organ for the formation of a national judgment. It has no longer any peculiar access to the springs of opinion.

But this does not cover the entire subject of executive responsibility. It is necessary that the public be confident that the executive will not carry out a policy opposed to its will. Here again the experience of the United States is enlightening, for it shows how a living democracy operates in just this matter as supplementing and modifying the written law. The President is supposed to appoint his Cabinet to suit himself without formal responsibility, and no doubt Presidents have shown considerable idiosyncrasy in their appointments and considerable power of resistance to popular demand for changes in their Cabinets. There have been so many cases, however, within comparatively recent memory, from Alger to Bryan, of members of the Cabinet actually forced out of office by the pressure of public opinion, whatever may have been the pretext upon which they resigned, that it is not going too far to say that the drift has been decided during the last generation towards reducing to a form the undoubted legal independence of the President in this matter. As to the President himself, we have only to imagine an extreme case in which the will of the nation should unmistakably declare itself against a policy desired by him to be convinced that he would be obliged to abandon it. I do not mean by this the will of the opposition, however loudly expressed, for this, so long as it is this only, he has the right to disregard; nor do I mean that the President is cut off from an attempt to educate the nation up to a policy of his own; but I do mean that we have reached a point in our constitutional development where the President would never insist upon carrying through a policy against the convinced will of the nation. And every American will understand that the President would know what that will is and act upon it without Congressional action.

And it is the convinced will of the nation that we must regard as the unit of authority in any international alliance, whatever form it may take. This is something behind which no form of international government can go. This is as true of an alliance with an elaborate constitution, which attempts to vest in a central body a power of coercion, as of a mere understanding between nations which rests upon common ideals of conduct and policy and is managed by conference. The living forces of growth in a democratic world will make over any written constitution to suit themselves, as the Constitution of the United States has been made over in so many ways without formal amendment. And what could be the practical operation of any plan with a minutely worked out constitution? What would be the force by which it would do its work and which would enable it to maintain any power with which it might be invested? Before we can make any secure advance to a solution of the problem of a workable international union, it must be recognized that the binding force of any alliance cannot be the right of coercion bestowed by legislation or by treaty upon a central body, but the common moral force, the moral unity of ideal and purpose, which must underlie any form which ingenuity can devise. A nation, a member of an imperial or a world alliance, cannot be coerced except by the force of opinion. The nation which will not agree to the common judgment of other nations, which will not join in common action, by its refusal declares its independence and throws itself out of the world alliance. In other words, it declares that it does not share in the common ideals and standards of conduct on which alone such an alliance can be securely based, and therefore that it is not rightfully a member of it. It is because present experience gives rise to the hope that such common ideals and standards are shared by many nations that we may believe that a real alliance for future peace is possible.

The inveterate slowness of the mind to get out of the ruts which time has made is shown in the fact that nine-tenths of the discussion of an international alliance for peace is full of elaborate schemes of treaties and constitutions, of vested powers in parliaments and courts and cabinets. These are all survivals of a time out of which the war has swiftly brought us. They fail to recognize the fact that all things have been made new, and that we are now gathering in a day the harvest of a century since the democratic movement began. How plain is the fact that the great international alliance which now exists, which is managing the common affairs of nations on a scale never before thought possible, exists by virtue of no creative treaties or elaborate agreements, and that it is making the machinery of its

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operation as it goes on with its task. It is the stress of war, no doubt, which is creating new machinery. But this new machinery is not for war alone, and it is equally true that it is a new age upon which the whole world will enter at the close of the war. What we are called upon now to see is how naturally and completely the new machinery we are evolving meets the demands of the new world after the war. The problem of a union in a common international policy is already almost solved. To all intents and purposes such a union exists to-day with the necessary machinery. Only the slightest adjustment is necessary, mainly in the way of reaching an understanding, not in inventing forms of government.

The new machinery marks the way of the future, and it also solves the problem of responsibility. It indicates clearly that the scheme for a cabinet is not necessary, even for effective responsibility. Such a plan goes with the idea of internal government in elaborate detail. It is based upon the theory that such internal government must be provided for. If it be true that the main purpose of federation is unity of external policy, not internal regulation, it follows that a cabinet is as unnecessary and out of place as an imperial parliament. The astonishing development of the council method for the management of all sorts of interests and of international conference on a scale never before attempted, the gradual evolution of the War Council of the Allies with universal public approval and a disposition to put under its control affairs of world-wide import, show what should take the place of a cabinet, and events have proved that the responsibility of the council is real and immediate. It is exactly the responsibility of the American executive. Mr. Lloyd George certainly learned, as a consequence of his famous Paris speech, that membership in a council conference was not free from responsibility of a very effective kind, and it will not be forgotten that earlier still the conference proposal of an international trade boycott of Germany after the war disappeared from view because of general disapproval.

If the British Empire could advance to a practical, not a merely sentimental, recognition of the fact that it is a commonwealth of nations, and could bring itself to act in international relations in view of the fact, the problem of federation, of such federation as is necessary, would be almost instantly solved. It would be seen at once that the proper method of operation is not legislation, but conference, and that an elaborate machinery of parliament and cabinet need not be provided, but that the far simpler allied council would serve every purpose. The transformation of the British Empire actually into a commonwealth of nations would also render at once the problem of America's joining with it in a common international policy far easier of solution. To join in some arrangement, however simple, for a common policy with the British Empire as that has been historically known to us will seem to many a doubtful and difficult thing to do. It would not be difficult for us to join with six English-speaking nations, standing upon a common footing of interest and influence, and all alike peers of ours. If such a common understanding of English-speaking nations among themselves is seen to be imminent and certain as a result of the war, it can hardly be doubted but that other democratic nations, whose likeness of mind with us in the great problems of the recent past has already been demonstrated, will be attracted into the circle of this agreement and the union become a world league of peace.

Told and Made

By H. W. BOYNTON

The Great Modern French Stories: A Chronological Anthology. Compiled and edited, with an Introduction, by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: Boni & Liveright.

The Lucky Seven. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Nine Tales. By Hugh de Sélincourt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

Under the Hermes, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

Chronicles of St. Tid. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Long Trick. By "Bartimeus." New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE reader who is minded to give a few hours to "Great Modern French Stories" may be doing as fairly by himself and his authors if he turns an innocent receptive ear to their story-telling before submitting to the exposition of the lecturer whose ponderous presence well-nigh blocks the gate of the bazaar. This, the title-page warns us, is not a group of tales lightly or irresponsibly assembled. Nor is it merely "a chronological anthology." The long "Introduction" is nothing less than a monograph upon "The Evolution of Modern French Fiction," and each of the narratives that follows has its place as a document in evidence for the writer's somewhat cumbrous and over-labored argument. Is there nothing in life or art that Mr. Wright would scruple to smother in his heavy enveloping æsthetic theory? These tales are good examples, not always happily rendered in English, of the short story in French, from Dumas *père* to Charles-Louis Philippe. The quality and bent of the editor's modernity may be gathered from his closing estimate: "Philippe was a naturalist in the same sense that Maupassant was, but to Maupassant's naturalism he added realistic and psychological qualities which gave to his work a brilliant color of truth. He waged an effective war against dilettantism; he held ever before him an unbiassed vision of actuality; there was in his writing no cultural pretensions [*sic*]. Experience was the basis of his art. . . . He was a serious artist, and recent French literature owes much both to his example and to his accomplishments." The given example of Philippe's work, "Le Retour," is a sufficiently dry and detached account of the return of a laborer who has deserted his wife and children and of his finding them comfortably established with another mate and protector (unofficial), an old friend of his own. He makes his little visit and withdraws, embracing both of the technically "guilty pair." It is all very simple and casual, a situation that hardly develops into an episode. In fact, like many others among these more or less famous tales, it would hardly qualify as a story in the eyes of the American fiction-magazine editor; he would dismiss it as that commercially worthless thing, a "sketch"—with the possible offer to look at it again after the author had done his duty by his material—that is, worked it onward from the situation, by a series of jolts, to "a snappy ending."

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The American "short story" is so frankly a commercial article that one finds it difficult to follow those enthusiasts who vaunt it as the great thing in our literature. There is a tremendous market for it, and that market is supplied, like other markets, with a commodity the public wants. But the *Saturday Evening Post* style and the "O. Henry" formula and the experts who teach the trick in twenty lessons have so nearly standardized it that any properly equipped plant can produce it, like the Liberty Motor, in quantity. Beyond, of course, lie the chances of the market. This is not the whole truth; we have a good deal of honest short-story telling; but a hundred tales are made to one that is told, and the one that is told is very unlikely to owe its real merit to any trick or two America may have shown the world in this "line." The popular magician "O. Henry" hit upon a novel way of telling stories and made good use of it for the reason that he was a "born" story-teller. The main thing with him, after all, was the story and not the "stunt." This is the real test of any story-teller; if he cannot pass it, he is only a story-maker or faker. "No tricks, not one," cries the young novelist in "Bolters," the first story of "The Lucky Seven." "I'll tell it just as it is, so help me God!" We surmise (it is sheer surmise) that the author of "The Lucky Seven" may have begun to write with a similar vow upon his lips, and that he may have found it expedient to adopt, for the time at least, a less rigid method. There are distinct traces of original quality in these stories, which the conventionally clever manner does its best to conceal. They have "made" the best-paying market for short stories—having been skilfully made for it. Here are the airy introduction, the intimate-facetious setting-forth, the up-and-down of magazine plot, the inevitable punch at the end. Is the entertainer content, we wonder, with his skilful manipulation of this stale bag of tricks? Or has he perhaps some natural way of his own to go with his natural impulse for story-telling?

There is too much of the "stunt" or trick about the current British short story also. Here and there the American influence is plain, as, for instance, in the "Limehouse Nights" of Thomas Burke. On the whole, the English technique shows less of, as it were, hide-bound cleverness, and in consequence more range and flexibility. Beyond our shores, the sharp distinction between the sketch and the plotted tale is hardly drawn and is certainly not dwelt upon. Versatility appears to be the main thing striven for. It marked the collection of stories by A. E. W. Mason, "The Four Corners of the World," of which we were speaking not long ago. It marks two new collections, "Nine Tales," by Hugh de Sélincourt, and "Under the Hermes," by Richard Dehan. The Englishwoman who calls herself on occasion "Richard Dehan" is a journalist and a playwright as well as a story-teller. Her object, one would say, is frankly to entertain her listeners; she "covers" many times and climes in her search for romantic materials. When she employs modern England as her scene, it is with the aid of spookish or other decorative accessories. More to her purpose are mediæval Italy, or Denmark, or revolutionary Paris, or an island in the southern seas, or an Eskimo settlement. The stories are skilfully and not perfunctorily told. We feel that she has the right impulse to tell stories, but are never quite sure that she felt bound to tell *the* story in hand, whatever it may be. Hugh de Sélincourt is altogether concerned with the modern scene and action, and his way is modern. He detests conformity and inclines to identify it with hypocrisy. He has his own little gospel of a moral and social health based upon physical fitness. He challenges the physical enslavement of women in the name of "holy matrimony." In two of these tales, "The Sacrifice" and "The Passionate Time-Server," he challenges (as he did in his recent novel, "A Soldier of Life") the general agreement to ignore the horror of warfare and magnify its glory. The most original and imaginative story in the collection was written some years before the beginning of the war—"The Birth of an Artist," interpreting the release from the body of an old, old man by the kindly spirit of Death, and his dawning consciousness that his real life has just begun.

Mr. Phillpotts has no longer any surprises to offer; opening his latest book (for which one never has long to wait) is like reëntering a familiar and pleasant haven. When, some time since, he shifted his scene from Devon to Cornwall, we discovered that changes in setting and costume made little difference to the world of Phillpotts. His people of the quarries have other turns of speech than his people of the moors, but they are more alike than either is like any other people in the flesh or in fancy. They have the same idioms of mind and character, the same appalling frankness, so unlike the reticence of our American rustics, the same direct and primitive reactions to greed, passion, revenge, the same grim, garrulous humor. Among them their annalist moves, as always, with perfect ease and understanding. The sixteen tales in "Chronicles of St. Tid" are told with a sort of nonchalant skill, the apparent carelessness of an artist who is sure of his subject and his medium. Most of them are upon the middle plane of rural comedy; the plane, in chief, of the everlasting conflict between love and duty, or love and property, or love and friendship. Almost invariably the story-teller is content with leading us quietly along his not too troublous path of action, towards a happy ending that has been in sight almost from the first. That it is his business to "keep us guessing," in the American fashion, evidently does not occur to him. There is something restful and refreshing in this simpler method. Two of the tales rather stand out from the rest, "The Reed Rond," a tale ending in what the newspapers call "a rustic tragedy"—the suicide of a lonely old woman, to which the artist gives a touch of really tragic nobility—and "The Saint and the Lovers."

The yarns in "The Lost Naval Papers" pretend to be nothing but yarns. They belong openly to the order of mechanical romance—the romance of mystery and detection. The hero is none other than that favorite butt of Sherlock Holmes, a Scotland Yard inspector—or rather it is Scotland Yard itself, with the inspector as its instrument. Officer William Dawson has a great conceit of himself, and appears to justify it by a series of marvellous feats in the way of rounding up German spies and strengthening the hands of the British Admiralty at moments of crucial strain. But his chronicler takes special pains to tell us that this is all an illusion. Scotland Yard, he says, is not showy, but its system is irresistible: "Though Dawson was not specially intelligent—in some respects almost stupid—he was dreadfully, terrifyingly efficient, because he was part of the slowly grinding Scotland Yard machine." We suppose that our old friend Dr. Watson, if he admitted this, would trace it to the reforms induced by the great Sherlock's exposures. These tales are admirable contrivances in their kind. They have, of course, little more to do with the war or with any other reality than the fifteen puzzle or the game of pigs in clover. Of very different quality are the stories (or sketches) in "The Long Trick." We have had plenty of

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books giving the substance and flavor of life in the trenches, but the routine of navy service has gone almost unchronicled. The motto of this book is taken from the lips of a British Prime Minister, speaking aboard the flagship of the Grand Fleet in the North Sea: "Much of what you have done, as far as the public eye is concerned, may almost be said to have been done in the twilight." This was said more than two years ago, yet our ignorance of the quality of naval life under the new conditions has remained. These lightly connected chronicles are as vivid as they are unassuming; it is clear that the writer has wished to paint a true picture rather than a clever one; he has his reward.

A Venture in Prophecy—Spring Announcements

By H. R. STEEVES

A GLANCE at publishers' announcements will show that the literature of the war is this spring the transcendent interest, not only of the student of events, but of the general reader. It should be so. In mere bulk this writing is imposing—even to the professional handler of books; and in variety it is something of a revelation of the amazing multiplicity of the world's one problem and one story. Almost any spring list will show a sharp preponderance of war books, from important economic and political interpretations and forecasts to the host of narratives of adventure in and out of the trenches, stories of nurses, ambulance drivers, social workers, correspondents, and observers, poems written under fire, and soldiers' journals. To dismiss all this with an aspersion or a jest is to deny not only the challenge, stimulating and varied, of life lived at the pinnacle of inward seriousness and vital hazard, but to lose sight of the almost but not quite hopeless complexity of the ultimate lessons to be learned.

In this mass of informed study and ephemeral comment, the European view seems momentarily the most valuable. Of the eight or ten books of the sort that appear to promise most, there stand out a translation of Professor Ferrero's "Europe's Fateful Hour" (Dodd, Mead), a consideration of fundamental causes and great effects, especially in the light of Italy's influence and future; André Chéradame's "The United States and Pan-Germania" (Scribner); and Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's "Deductions from the World War" (Putnam), a remarkably enlightening presentation of the German military situation. Demetra Vaka's "In the Heart of German Intrigue" (Houghton) is a record of months spent in unearthing the diplomatic secrets of Greece during the period when Constantine was endeavoring to swing his country to the side of Germany. In both human interest and historical bearing it is said to be very significant. One of the most illumining of the war volumes is Isaac F. Marcosson's "The Business of War" (John Lane), which depicts the complex machinery of war production and supply and reveals the economic generalship that sustains enormous military operations. Frederic C. Howe's "The Only Possible Peace" (Scribner) promises a liberal and intelligent view of the essentially economic nature of the struggle, with a plea for a peace which will put an end to economic exploitation and the scramble for exclusive spheres of national opportunity. Another venture in the domain of political and economic prophecy is Walter E. Weyl's "The End of the War," published by Macmillan. A reflection of American interest in the English statesman of the moment is to be found in "Lloyd George and the War" (Macmillan), by an anonymous writer. In two volumes on the collapse of Russia we are given at least a partial answer to the enigma of a new nation's political outlook: "Russia's Agony" (Longmans), by Robert Wilton, the London *Times* correspondent in Petrograd, and Ernest Poole's "The Dark People: Russia's Crisis" (Macmillan). The story of the actual revolution of March, 1917, and of the contemporary Russian sense of its nature and tendencies, is told in James L. Houghteling, jr.'s, "A Diary of the Russian Revolution" (Dodd, Mead). A clearly authentic pronouncement upon the immediate cause of the war—Balkan unrest—as well as upon Germany's consistent policy of political irritation in the Near East and the position of the Balkan countries throughout the war, will be found in H. Charles Woods's "The Cradle of the War" (Little, Brown).

Close-at-hand views of the conflict itself are rapidly increasing in number. Of them all, Captain Hugh Knyvett's "'Over There' with the Australians" (Scribner) seems to be the book of the minute, probably because of the sharp impression that the author has made in his appearance before American audiences. Coningsby Dawson's "The Glory of the Trenches" (Lane) will be good, if simply for the reason that the writer is a keen observer of life and a vivid story-teller, either in or out of fiction. A new book by John Masefield, "The Old Front Line" (Macmillan), follows the campaign in France in much the same way as his account of the fighting in Gallipoli. More than everyday interest will probably be found in George Abel Schreiner's "The Iron Ration" (Harper), which, it is said, handles with exceptional accuracy and a well-informed point of view the social and economic conditions in the Teuton countries, and particularly the much-debated question of the stability of the Central Powers. A book by Herbert Adams Gibbons, "With Our Rookies in France" (Harper), is intended to present an intimate picture of the conditions of soldier life abroad; and a similar aim—the presentation of the war as a practical problem for soldiers and their families—is found in Guy Empey's "First Call" (Putnam). Popular interest in the expanding importance of aeroplane work has brought out two notable books on the subject: Lieutenant Edgar Middleton's "Airfare of To-day and the Future" (Scribner's importation), which deals comprehensibly but thoroughly with the airman's technique and strategy, and "High Adventure" (Houghton), the personal narrative of James Norman Hall, author of "Kitchener's Mob," who was sent abroad to prepare an account of the American Flying Squadron, but enlisting was brought down seriously wounded in a fight with German planes.

On the horizon of ultimate peace are already seen the grave problems of social readjustment growing not only out of the war itself, but out of the experiments, shifts, and adaptations—industrial and political—by which home support of the war in the belligerent countries has been maintained. John Spargo's "Socialism and Americanism" (Harper) is in this connection a volume which must be looked

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forward to as an enlightened and patriotic Socialist's effort to distinguish the effective force of American Socialism from its alien and partisan drift. Arthur Henderson's "The Aims of Labour" (Huebsch) should be an informing volume from the acknowledged spokesman of the English workers. "Rising Japan—Menace or Friend" (Putnam), by Jabez T. Sunderland, is a concise treatment of a question of not yet subsiding concern, from a mind familiar with Asiatic conditions and views.

In the realm of fiction it is naturally difficult to accept upon faith anything that does not carry the warranty of an already distinguished name. Indeed, hopes so secured are often enough doomed to reversal. It might be surmised that fiction is not flourishing now. However the echo of war may stimulate the poetic impulse, it apparently leaves the reflective function of the novelist inert. It is true that no very impressive war novel has come from a professed and accepted novelist of to-day; the cogency of even "Mr. Britling" as evidence to the contrary may be questioned. That the war, in its distant view, will provide for future Hugos and Tolstoys is not to be doubted; but the contemporaneous novelist is confronted with the unanswerable challenge of the actual, and what distinctly good current fiction we have is in the main fiction dealing with the calmer current of life.

Some "good names" are to be found in the spring offerings of fiction. Scribner publishes for Mr. Galsworthy a volume of "Five Tales"—one of them reintroducing the Forsytes of "The Man of Property"—and for George W. Cable another of his delightful stories of Creole society, "The Flower of the Chapdelaines." Mrs. Barr has in her "Orkney Maid" (Appleton) a Crimean War story of romantic theme. Henry Holt & Company announce the last of William De Morgan's novels, "The Old Madhouse," finished at his death to within a chapter or two of its conclusion and completed by Mrs. De Morgan from his notes and suggestions. The story, characteristically a very long one, with much both of scope and intricacy, contains a triple romance and a mysterious disappearance, contrasting, as the spectacular quality of Mr. De Morgan's themes always did, with the quiet and compassionate humor of a rich heart. The publication of this last work of a discerning and mellow novelist must call up a real regret in the minds of readers who have not outgrown the leisurely tradition in fiction. Another noteworthy posthumous volume is a collection of ten recently discovered stories by Joel Chandler Harris—"Uncle Remus Returns" (Houghton Mifflin). There is obvious promise also in volumes of short stories by Rabindranath Tagore ("Mashi and Other Stories"; Macmillan) and Eden Phillpotts ("Chronicles of St. Tid"; Macmillan), and in a detective story, "Vicky Van," by Carolyn Wells (Lippincott).

For the rest, one must perforce base his guess upon the particular allurement of the publisher's "write-up." Arthur Train's story, "The Earthquake" (Scribner), is said to be a lively and convincing picture of the war as a lesson in duty and purpose to an "average American family." The background of war is touched again in Quiller-Couch's "Foe-Farrell" (Macmillan), the story of which is told night by night in an officers' dugout. In "Oh, Money! Money!" (Houghton Mifflin) Eleanor Porter presents a variant upon the old question, "What would you do with a million dollars?" Dorothy Richardson introduces a third stage in her heroine's search for "real" life in her novel "Honeycomb" (Alfred Knopf), which has already been very appreciatively received in England. Probably the reader of Edward Lucas White's "El Supremo" will look forward with something more than ordinary anticipation to his new historical novel, "The Unwilling Vestal" (Dutton), the scene of which is Rome in early Christian days. A romance of mark in the novelty of its theme should be "Old People and the Things that Pass" (Dodd, Mead), by Louis Couperus, which draws together the final strands of the romantic past of a hero of ninety-three and a heroine of ninety-seven. For the reader who calls for a thrill, there is a mystery tale by Isabel Ostrander, "Suspense" (McBride & Company), and Patrick and Terence Casey's "The Wolf Cub" (Little, Brown), a stirring story of Spanish banditti. The lure of anonymity is present in "Professor Latimer's Progress" (Holt), "by an American author of reputation"—the pedestrian sentimental journey of a middle-aged scholar. Here, too, is action. . . . There are many, many others!

In poetry there are again old names—not over-old, however—to conjure with. A volume called "Moments of Vision," by Thomas Hardy, is promised by Macmillan & Company, who have already brought out Masefield's "Rosas," Edgar Lee Masters's "Toward the Gulf," and Tagore's "Lover's Gift" and "Crossing." The same house is to print another volume of poems from that wisest and brightest of Celts, James Stephens—"Reincarnations." Altogether, this is rather an impressive spread for one publisher to furnish forth. Books of verse by the writers of the newer age are John Drinkwater's "Poems: 1908–1914" (Dodd, Mead), and Denis McCarthy's "Songs of Sunrise" (Little, Brown). John Lane publishes a number of volumes by poets of the day, including Thomas Walsh and Ford Maddox Hueffer, and translations from Verhaeren and Emile Cammaerts; more important still, perhaps, is a collection of pieces ("Posthumous Poems") found after Swinburne's death and covering practically his entire poetical career. From at least half a dozen anthologies of new verse, two seem to have outstanding quality or appropriateness. The first is "The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse" (Small, Maynard), by William Stanley Braithwaite, whose annual anthologies have already demonstrated his taste and critical perception; the other is a book of war verse: "From the Front" (Appleton), including pieces by Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, and other poets of the pregnant moment.

So much for history in the making and for works of imagination. To deal in this nimble fashion with books of substantial informational or historical character would be to attach too much importance to the usher's function. A scholar needs no introduction to the book he wishes to read. Of the dozen or score of unquestionably worthy books of history, of travel and discovery, of criticism, of philosophy, that are to be found in the spring lists, however, a few demand mention—as Morley's "Recollections," for example, and the first two volumes of R. B. Merriman's "Rise of the Spanish Empire," to be published by Macmillan; R. W. Seton-Watson's "Rise of Nationality" (Houghton Mifflin); Donald Macmillan's "In the White North" (Harper); Sidney Colvin's "Life of Keats" (Scribner); W. Brooks Henderson's "Swinburne and Landor" (Macmillan); and Bertrand Russell's "Mysticism and Logic and Other Essays" (Longmans). It must be lamented, in passing, that in part because of the depth of the current of interest in the present, and in part because of the commercial situation which the publishers face, the output of such books is almost alarmingly narrowed, and will probably be so until the end of the war.

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Easter

By CHARLES R. MURPHY

SOME perfume from a summer field
Shall half-awake the hidden child
That lies within you year-long sealed;
So, be the summer stern or mild,
Something expectant has awaited,
Through winter's snow, a season's yield
Of sun and shower where are fated
Resurrection and the seed—
Wherein the listening, ever wild
Flower shall blossom if you heed,
Or sleep again until, belated,
A warmer sun shall be your need.

Books by the Yard

By MARY VIDA CLARK

THE man who said he could "resist anything but temptation" arouses my sympathy. During the twenty years that I have lived in New York, I have never been able to reach my office without passing a second-hand book-store—the kind that displays samples of its contents on stands outside which positively trip up the passerby. The more humane purveyors to the victims of another appetite conceal their stock in trade by opaque swinging doors, but no such protection is placed about the helpless bibliophile. In my case this constant exposure to the ravages of an unconquerable habit has resulted in my accumulating what would once have been denominated a "gentleman's library." My taste in books is like some men's taste in women. I choose them for their appearance rather than their contents. I like them short and stout and dark, with glints of red and black and gold in their coverings. This is a taste I seem to share with the French and Italians of the eighteenth century.

Recently the vicissitudes of metropolitan life forced upon me the choice of putting my possessions in storage or of loaning them where space was more ample, and I finally set up my collection in the built-in book shelves of an empty corner of the club of my choice. My primary consideration in arranging books is size and color, with such attention to subject, language, and author as will not interfere with the more important requirement of appearance in a pleasing and unobtrusive background. But alas! my collection was adequate for but four of the five shelves, and the entire bottom shelf was empty. The dignified remains of the eighteenth century appeared to be perched on stilts. The hiatus in the underpinning spoiled the effect from the point of view of decoration. I could not bear it.

The room was to be formally opened in a few days, and there was no time for the laborious and loving accumulation of treasures. I had heard tales of certain recently rich men who save themselves time and trouble by ordering their libraries through the decorators who devise the furnishings of their new mansions. I had once had the rare pleasure of knowing a genial and humane Congressman, from Boston, as it happened, to whom a constituent had applied for "'The Messages and Documents of the Presidents,' or any other handsomely bound volumes that would look well in a private library."

Supported in my purpose by this knowledge of the wide range of possible mental attitudes towards the acquisition of books, I descended upon one of my book men and put the case to him in the following carefully rehearsed phrase: "I want eight feet of old calf bindings not over six inches high, preferably eighteenth century, and I can't pay more than a dollar a foot." I endeavored to assume an easy and offhand manner as if shopping for books were customarily done by the foot or the yard. To my relief the book man appeared entirely unmoved by this extraordinary, this blasphemous request.

"I often get these orders for books in bulk," he assured me, "mostly from the moving-picture concerns." I had not appreciated previously the relation of these remarkable enterprises to the book trade. "Why don't they use imitation books?" I inquired. "Oh, real books are much cheaper," my dealer replied; "sometimes they rent them, but they are likely to get damaged, so it's about as cheap to buy them outright." My memory of the few "movies" I had felt impelled to attend supplied pictures of houses collapsing and rooms being burned up or knocked to pieces by runaway automobiles, and I understood the low expectation of life of a library which might be a feature of such a background.

The tact of the book man made my shopping expedition less of an ordeal than I had prefigured it, and the following day I returned with some eagerness to pass on the results of his endeavors. Sure enough, there were eight feet of dark brown calf bindings ranging from three to six inches in height. I counted eighty-five volumes in all. There were fully two feet of "Elegant Extracts from the Most Eminent Writers, Ancient and Classical," a set of "Elegant Epistles, being a copious selection of Instructive, Moral, and Entertaining Letters from the Most Eminent Epistolatory Writers." When the humorous literature of the present fails or palls, we have only to turn for refreshment to the serious literature of the past. How fond were our ancestors of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, especially the Beautiful. There were "The Beauties of Johnson," "The Beauties of Sterne, including all his Pathetic Tales and most distinguished observations on Life, Selected for the Heart of Sensibility," three volumes of the "Beauties of the English Stage, consisting of the most affecting and sentimental Passages, Soliloquies, Similes, Descriptions, etc., in the English Plays Ancient and Modern." What a contrast to the literary matter which appears in our current magazines under the title, "Beauties of the Stage."

In those days literature was indeed an aristocratic affair. With what splendor of armorial book-plates were some of these volumes distinguished: "Edward Lord Harewood, in solo Deo salus," "Charles Somers, Earl Somers, Eastnor Castle Library prodesse quam conspici," "Marquis Townshend, haec generi incrementa fides," "Lord Carberry, libertas."

Continental contributions were not lacking to the collection: "Anecdotes du Seizième Siècle ou Intrigues de Cour politiques et galantes." Spicy reading this! "Les Délices de la Hollande," published in 1710, "à la Haye, chez la veuve de Meyndert Wytwerf dans le Spuy-straat." How pleasant to think that two hundred years ago this unfortunate little country now "between the Devil and the North Sea" had its "*délices*"!

As it is not my custom to penetrate beyond the title-page of my purchases, I can only refer those who read books as well as buy them to the loan collection accessible in the club aforesaid. At the opening of the new room I was effu-

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sively thanked by officers and members for my contribution to the charm and distinction of the sacred place. I chanced to overhear the comment of an appreciative member to whom I was not known by sight. "What a discriminating taste this collection indicates," murmured my flatterer. "How reconciling that such cultivation still persists in this workaday world and in our own membership. It is evident that every volume is chosen with profound knowledge and with loving thought."

Verse and Verse Criticism

By O. W. FIRKINS

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

George Edward Woodberry: Contemporary American Poet Series. By Louis V. Ledoux. Cambridge, Mass.: The Poetry Review Company. $1.

Poetry and National Character. By W. Macneile Dixon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 45 cents.

Metaphor in Poetry. By J. C. Jennings. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. $1.

The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Beggar and King. By Richard Butler Glaenzer. New Haven: The Yale Press. $1 net.

Nocturne of Remembered Spring. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.25 net.

Streets and Faces. By Scudder Middleton. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher.

MISS AMY LOWELL'S "Tendencies" is partisan and slipshod, but its real worth as criticism and its greater worth as testimony are indisputable. By looking partly with Miss Lowell, partly past and beyond her, even the skeptic can clarify his vision, and the book will conciliate its public by novelty in that kind of biographical detail for which the demand is perennial in the anterooms of literature.

The craftsmanship is rude. A disdain for the fineries of prose style, rather honorable than otherwise in a virtuoso, passes rapidly into a neglect of the decencies. At times the notebook has spilled its contents into the volume. Grammar is slighted; figures are confounded; the clasps which solidify a sentence are withheld. Miss Lowell's diction is "perplexed in the extreme." Apparently she does not know what irony is (see page 42). Her poets "state" what is in them. She speaks of one person or another shieldingly as "this gentleman," makes Chaucer a county magistrate (page 150), cannot quote "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" without disarrangement and false printing (page 75), grossly mistranslates one Greek epitaph, and shifts the paternity of another from its author, Leonidas of Tarentum, to its anthologist, Meleager (pages 182-183).

The defects do not end here. I know of no writer who basks in truism more cosily than this champion of innovation. She addresses a grade of intelligence which is expected to be thankful for the announcement that "natural bents are often too strong for paternal regulation" and that "a smattering of many subjects is not education." The metaphors are coeval with the generalities. The author calls H. D.'s poems cameos or intaglios with a pen still all but dripping from the expression of her abhorrence for *clichés*.

On regular metres Miss Lowell's exposition is as artless as it is condescending. She is "amused" at Mr. Edward Garnett for presuming, as a "classicist," to admire the intrepidities of Mr. Frost's iambic pentameter. Mr. Garnett has no right to approve the type of blank-verse line which contains, by her scansion, two iambs and two anapests. To what century would Miss Lowell assign the following pentameter consisting of four unmistakable and uncompromising anapests: "In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand"? It is exactly three hundred years old, occurring in Act I, Scene III, of John Fletcher's "Loyal Subject," licensed in 1618. Is a man bred in the tradition of which this verse is a part justly chargeable with absurdity for endorsing a type of line in which the toll to conservation is still payable in the retention of two iambs? Does Miss Lowell not know that the mere frame or diagram of the iambic pentameter is to the actual "classic" line simply what the trellis is to the grape-vine—a thing to be strayed from quite as much as to be clung to? Miss Lowell herself is for Mr. Frost's temerities, heart and soul; but when Mr. Garnett ventures to agree with her, she overflows with the bubbling amusement of the Unitarian who finds a Methodist in his pew on Sunday morning.

According to Miss Lowell, Mr. Frost's "Call her Nausicaa, the unafraid," is a very bad line by classical standards, and is composed of trochees. H. D. should have been consulted on the accent of "Nausicaa." In fact, the line is pure iamb except for the "Call her," and a trochee in the first foot is no blemish on the perfection of its "classic" regularity. Surely the tradition may rejoice in its assailants.

I have dwelt on these unworthinesses in protest against the impression, now frequent in authorship and readership alike, that ability can dispense with competence. I turn with pleasure to the cordial acknowledgment of the undoubted virtues of the book. In reading these essays I have reconvinced myself of the inherent probity of Miss Lowell's mind. A love for orchids is excusable only when the love itself is not an orchid, but comes up with the riotous spontaneity of a weed. That excuse is emphatically Miss Lowell's. I think her strong in critical *faculty*—not quite so strong in critical competence since her biases are peculiar and extreme. Even with this discount, her estimates of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Frost, Mr. Masters, and Mr. Sandburg are valuable, and in H. D.'s case a paring—perhaps I should rather say a mowing—of superlatives would rectify her verdict. It is only when Mr. Fletcher is reached that one recalls Philaminte and Trissotin.

> On se sent à ces vers, jusques au fond de l'âme,
> Couler je ne sais quoi qui fait que l'on se pâme.

The usual tone is humane, liberal, and discreet, and the loftiness towards the "classicists" is merely episodic. Her division of the new movement is a solid help. She distin-

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guishes, first, Messrs. Robinson and Frost, in whom the old order suffers the ferments of disintegration; second, Messrs. Sandburg and Masters, iconoclasts in the cleft between two dispensations, poets in whom revolution is alleviated by free verse, as despotism was once tempered by epigrams; and lastly, H. D. and Mr. Fletcher, in whom art is reconstructive. Miss Lowell sees, in all this, climax and evolution; I am content with its value as perspective. The book's worth as document is even more serviceable to the needs of specialists like myself. On the purposes of the imagists Miss Lowell is naturally authoritative, and a bit of scansion on page 265 supplied me with a test of my own understanding of their aims for which I had searched in vain in the shimmer of their verse and the haze of their prefaces.

Three booklets of critical prose may be mentioned in this place. Mr. Ledoux's treatment of Mr. Woodberry is delicate both in perception and in feeling. I think the critic not duly sensible of the scope, the charm, and the difficulty of the problem offered by the intrusion of the headstrong "Flight" into the level and tranquil course of Mr. Woodberry's typical psychology. In what felucca did he cross from Greece to Algiers? Still, the book is sound and sweet within its shapely limits, and the style recalls the forsaken, if not forgotten, days of the gentility of literature. Mr. Jennings's not unsuggestive "Metaphor in Poetry" is chiefly useful as a needed preliminary and incitement to a deeper study of its interesting theme. W. Macneile Dixon's "Poetry and National Character" is a pattern Leslie Stephen lecture; the insight is real, and the elegance noteworthy.

Mr. Vachel Lindsay is a true poet and an earnest man, but he gives too much play to his elfishness, if I may so define his pursuit of freak in sensible images. He is a pleader for great causes; he would arrest the flow of wine and of blood; and his apostleship ought to dignify, or even consecrate, his fantasies. But somehow the fantasies are unconverted. The whimsicality joins the crusade as Falstaff went to the wars; the enlistment itself is partly whimsical. Moreover, it is curious even among freaks. It is prankish, but not gay, and in such material, if I may risk the paradox, the defence against absurdity is humor. A comedian may fittingly stand on one leg; an anchorite in the same pose is out of keeping. Let Mr. Lindsay write "poem games," if he will, but why five pages of sapient prose exordium? Must poetry solemnize its amalgamation with play? Must we take our teddy-bears to the christening font? But I remember that the volume is the "Chinese Nightingale," and that in Asia capering is a form of worship.

The volume is interesting, and its pursuit of the abstruse in the popular is a curious novelty. Sometimes the poetry is strong, as in the couplet:

> We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
> And wove blue silks in the mulberry shade.

To please myself, however, I would take the knotty hickory of the passage in defence of free speech which follows:

> Down with the Prussians and all their works.
> Down with the Turks.
> Down with every army that fights against the soap-box,
> The Pericles, Socrates, Diogenes soap-box,
> The old Elijah, Jeremiah, John-the-Baptist soap-box,
> The Rousseau, Mirabeau, Danton soap-box,
> The Karl Marx, Henry George, Woodrow Wilson soap-box.
> We will make the wide earth safe for the soap-box.

Mr. Glaenzer has the art of writing poems that are astonishingly like astonishingly good poems. His first volume is a prodigy in its way. He plies us, he cloys us, with desserts; but desserts are demands, and one has a lurking preference for entreaties. His suit to the Muse resembles that of Morell to Candida in the Shaw play; it relies too much on exertions and capacities. His "Golden Plover" is billeted for immortality by the Yale Press. If I gave clearances for immortality like the Yale Press, I should rather choose the ensuing stanza:

> If France is dying, she dies as day
> In the splendor of noon, sun-aureoled;
> If France is dying, then youth is gray
> And steel is soft and flame is cold.
> *France cannot die! France cannot die!*

That is very good writing; that is poetry; though not poetry, I should hold, in the same degree in which it is good writing. The difference is instructive. Mr. Glaenzer is a man of letters by nature; he is a poet—so to speak—by diploma. Those who keep in mind the "Empty Ring" and "Diana's Song" may well protest that it is a diploma *cum laude*.

Mr. Aiken's new volume has certain clemencies for the apprehensive reader. It is much clearer than the "Jig of Forslin," much cleaner than "Turns and Movies." Literature in this book does not serve the purpose of an eringo, if I may revive a word that would have been transparent to Elizabethans. Rain is ubiquitous in the volume, and it is the rain-world, musical, monotonous, and muffled, the world seen through the blur, heard through the resonance, of falling water that Mr. Aiken embodies in this dim record of sequestered moods. Half the poems have musical titles, and, like music, sink intelligence in feeling. I think they both soothe and rasp; they are soothing to the sensibilities which they nourish, and rasping to the intelligence which they starve. The most significant poem in the book is "In the Trenches," where effects of lethargy and intensity combine in abnormal unity. There is true poetry in lines like:

> The sound of guns is in our ears,
> We are growing old and gray,
> We have forgotten many simple things.

Mr. Scudder Middleton is a newcomer to whom our doors should be hospitable. What impresses me in his work is sanity. He is sane in his mediation between old ways and new, sane in the proportions which thought, method, feeling, and melody occupy in his design, sane in the restriction both of the size and the number of his poems. He possesses also sensibility, imagination, strength, but the question which his volume, "Streets and Faces," puts and does not clearly answer is whether he possesses these traits in a degree which will qualify him to make the most of his distinguished sanity. One divines a thrift in the book which suggests that the incomes which sustain it are not princely. I care little for the highly praised poems. "Mother" affects me as rather boyish—or mannish, if the reader likes; and the "Clerk," though surprisingly clever, is the sort of poem that might have been the outcome of a wager. I have the hardihood to prefer the "Return."

> Always the journey ends where it began! . . .
> Out of my mother's arms into your own!
>
> Hold me, O love, serene against your breast!
> The sun takes up the wave and gives the rain.
> Over the dead the grass is green again.
> The lark is singing on the ruined wall.

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Academic Freedom in War Time

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In its issue of March 7 the *Nation* devotes some editorial consideration to the recent report of a committee of the Association of University Professors on "Academic Freedom in War Time." As chairman of the committee, I venture to count upon your courtesy for space to point out that the *Nation's* readers can hardly fail to gather from your comment a very false conception both of the general spirit and purpose of the report, and of some of its specific contentions. The report is not a piece of moralizing *in vacuo;* it relates to a concrete and serious situation, of which the *Nation* can scarcely be ignorant. Within a few months there had occurred at least six dismissals of professors from American colleges or universities upon charges of "disloyalty"; and similar action had been attempted or threatened in other instances. The grounds, or alleged grounds, for these dismissals varied widely in gravity, and were in some cases utterly trivial. There was manifest in many quarters a tendency to petty persecution in the name of patriotism, a disposition to deny to citizens—if they chanced to be also college teachers—the enjoyment of their fundamental constitutional rights, and a growing temper of general reaction and intolerance. It was to this situation that the report was addressed. It is primarily, and, as I had supposed, palpably, a protest against these abuses, and a warning against the danger that sinister forces may take advantage of the excited state of public feeling at such a time "to remove secretly some of the established landmarks of liberty," both within and without the university. The report declares it to be one of the special war-time duties of members of the scholar's profession to be on guard against "these harmful concomitants even of a war in a just cause." While not denying—what, in the committee's opinion, could not be denied—that the existence of a state of war entails some exceptional restrictions upon normal freedom of action and utterance, the report insists "that these restrictions are not to be multiplied, as they tend to be, beyond real necessity." The report attempts to determine with some precision the limits of such necessity. While the *Nation* implies that the committee would not have "the university deal comprehendingly with the despised conscientious objector," the fact is that the report argues at length against the imposition of penalties upon such objectors by university authorities, even in cases not covered by the exemption clauses of the draft law. The report, furthermore, in more than one passage pleads for consideration, magnanimity—and common-sense—in the treatment even of known disloyalists. With the most important of the recent dismissals, that of Professor Cattell, the report deals specifically. The committee pronounces an emphatic condemnation upon the action of the Columbia trustees; and it declares the removal of any university teacher upon such grounds as were officially put forward in this case to be contrary to all the essential distinctions which the report sets forth.

No reader whose knowledge of the report is derived solely from the *Nation's* account of it is likely to have surmised any of these pertinent facts. And in at least one instance your editorial article, by means of a rhetorical question, makes a direct *suggestio falsi.* The *Nation* ostensibly "inquires in all seriousness, does the committee hold that a German university ought to dismiss one of its men for taking an attitude of criticism or opposition to the majority, so long as he keeps within the limits imposed by the law?" The purpose of this question is manifestly to cause the reader to believe that the report implies that *American* professors *may* rightfully be dismissed for taking "an attitude of criticism or opposition to the majority." Yet the report contains some five paragraphs directed against precisely the view thus imputed to it. The committee declares that "no emergency exists which makes it either necessary or desirable that the nation's general policy in one of the most pregnant moments of its history should be determined without general consideration or discussion, or that minorities should be deprived of all right to influence that policy by laying their opinions and arguments before their fellow-citizens." While war is going on, it still remains the citizen's right, the report maintains, "to express his opinion as to the terms on which peace should be concluded, or as to the wisdom or efficacy of proposed measures or instrumentalities for the conduct of the war."

It is true, however, that the committee holds that there are certain acts which in time of war should not be tolerated, on the part either of college professors or of other men. It is *not,* in the committee's opinion, "the citizen's right, between the declaration of war and the conclusions of peace, to obstruct or impede the execution of any measure lawfully determined upon as requisite for the safety of the country and the successful prosecution of the war." The specific modes of obstructive action which the committee regards as inadmissible are not stated with complete accuracy by the *Nation;* but I will not take space to repeat the committee's formulation of them.

Does or does not the *Nation* maintain that teachers, and others, should, at such a time as this, be given full license to carry on the activities which the report condemns? Does it contend that a college instructor should (so long as the police do not apprehend him) be permitted to employ his leisure in inciting other citizens to resist the draft laws; or to go about urging farmers, by adroit appeals to self-interest and class prejudice, to reduce the production of cereals (which is, I take it, probably not an indictable offence); or to denounce as immoral the payment of taxes or the lending of money to any Government engaged in waging war? It is not, as your article seems to imply, the committee's view that such acts as these ought to be tolerated in other men, but forbidden to college professors. It is its view that, by whomsoever committed, they are unmistakably and gravely threatening to public order and the national security; and that college authorities are therefore justified in notifying members of their staffs that those who, during the war, engage in such activities will be regarded as violating the statutes of their institutions, and therefore as subject to dismissal.

The Association of University Professors has, so far as I recall, never maintained, even in time of peace, that there are absolutely no requirements whatever which may be laid upon the conduct of college teachers, so long as they keep out of the penitentiary. It has never declared it to be an infringement of academic freedom to remove a teacher for grave moral delinquencies, or for violations of professional ethics, or for gross and habitual discourtesy. It has, in short, never adopted the principle which appears to be the major premise of the *Nation's* reasoning—the principle of

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complete academic anarchism. It is, therefore, not surprising that the committee which drafted the recent report, while condemning all restrictions not required by the public safety, has refused to declare it to be the duty of American colleges and universities to furnish a livelihood, and a platform, and the prestige of academic office to men actively and persistently engaged in doing what they can to bring about the defeat of the United States in this war and the betrayal of those—many of them sons of the same colleges—who are already placing their lives in jeopardy in the service of the country.

Freedom, academic or other, is not an absolute and all-sufficient end in itself, to be pursued at the sacrifice of all other human interests. It is in the main a means to ulterior ends. In any normal (that is, pacific) condition of a civilized society, it is an indispensable means to certain of the greatest and most valuable ends—to the progressive discovery of truth, to the enrichment of human life by the development of diverse types of personality, to the effectual yet safe operation of those forces which in all societies are needed to rectify injustices and to destroy intrenched abuses. These reasons for freedom within the universities were valid before the war, and were duly insisted upon in reports of the Association of University Professors; they will be equally valid after the war, and will certainly not be then less tenaciously affirmed by the same body. But—little though the *Nation* seems to have realized the fact—such a war as this, in which the entire world is involved and the future character of human life and human relations upon this planet is at issue, alters many things and suspends some of the rules of less critical and perilous times. Such a conflict has a troublesome way of compelling men and institutions to take sides. The American college, if it maintained the kind of neutrality, with respect to the present struggle, which the *Nation* regards as essential to academic freedom, would, in fact, be not merely tolerating but facilitating the efforts of those who would repeat in America the achievement of the Lenines and the Trotzkys in Russia. In such a case, the college cannot escape the hard necessities of the situation. It must either be—in fact, and by the actual operation of cause and effect, if not in intent—an accomplice in activities which, if successful, would bring about the defeat and the dishonor of the republic and do immeasurable injury to the cause of freedom throughout the world; or else it must determine that it will not give countenance and aid to those who, upon a fair trial, are clearly proved to be engaged in such activities—whether or not they have already come within the reach of the law. To the committee, I think—though I have no authority to speak for the other members of it—it seemed clear that, when faced by such an alternative, no American college or university could hesitate in its choice. The scholar's freedom, though even now to be protected against all avoidable infringement, must not be converted into a shelter from which, at a time of unprecedented peril and momentousness in the world's history, men may threaten the very existence of the state and weaken the forces upon whose strength and cohesion and eventual triumph the hope of freedom everywhere depends.

The committee, in short, has sought to face realities. It has consequently seen that there are two contrary dangers in the present situation—the danger of attempts by the forces of reaction at home to impose unnecessary and harmful restrictions, under the pretext of "patriotism," and the danger that, by its abuse and exaggeration in a time of crisis, "academic freedom" itself may become the disguised but not ineffectual ally of those still more menacing forces of reaction—and of yet worse things—against which the democracies of the world are now engaged in a life-and-death struggle. There are thus two sides to the committee's report, but on both sides it defends the same cause.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

Baltimore, March 15

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg leave to thank you for the editorial in your latest issue respecting the report of the Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors, and for your other sturdy utterances on behalf of sane academic principles in war time as well as in peace. To some of us who have been happily preserved from personal or local friction in this matter, it has nevertheless been a cause of deep regret to note how far supposed patriotism will lead those who should be among the first to see that temporary conditions cannot alter the fundamental conditions of intellectual independence.

But, so far as university professors are concerned, we have been preparing the way for these war-time misunderstandings by a long period of development of false notions regarding the relation of a member of a university faculty to the institution he serves. I do not refer to such a notion as that he is an employee of the corporation of the university; for, though this may not be the ideal form of university organization, or the one best fitted to promote respect for scholarship, I take it that it is the form under which we actually live in practically all American institutions of higher learning. So, for myself, I cheerfully admit that I am an employee of a board of trustees, and that, in case of alleged incompetency or misconduct on my part, they are the sole court of last resort. But I should certainly not care to remain in their employ if I were under the impression that they considered themselves responsible for my opinions on any subject, as I should not have entered their employ if they had made a test of such opinions a prerequisite to my doing so. The real question is (as you have said, in substance), not who shall judge me, but in accordance with what law of responsibility.

I find this question raised from another angle by the report of another committee of the Association of University Professors, that on university ethics, which has recently passed on to members of the Association the following questions, as having been presented to it and promising to be suitable for discussion:

> Should there be a definite understanding that no professor should use his title or the name of his institution in any connection not directly cognate to his scientific and educational activities? In addressing letters to the newspapers, signing petitions, etc., is it desirable that the name of the university should not be introduced either to identify the signer or to give his mail address? The same question may be asked about petitions on all political or semi-political matters.

This may seem to be a comparatively trifling matter, having no connection with the more serious issues already under discussion; certainly it is, if it be only a question of taste—whether it is good form for a professor to write a recommendation of a typewriter or a brand of soap on his university letterhead—or if it be one of punctilious honesty in the use of stationery, now becoming so expensive. But it is

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obvious that there underlies the query the fundamental matter of *responsibility for opinion.* The ordinary reason for the use of title or university name, in matters not cognate to education, would be merely the same that leads to the use of such descriptive phrases as "President of the First National Bank," "Head of the firm of Smith & Jones," "Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church"—a convenient indication of the standing of the person concerned in the community. And if the propriety of such a use is questioned, it is because of a lurking feeling that in the case of a professor it means something more; it means that he "represents the university."

We should therefore ask ourselves with all possible definiteness what it is to "represent a university." And a moment's reflection will show that it is what no professor ever undertakes to do, unless he is speaking on an educational matter concerning which his university has taken action. If he speaks concerning some non-academic matter—a question of dispute in the air of the moment—it will be in a field related either to the subject he professes or to an outside field. If the former, it is obvious that he speaks for no one save himself, or at most his own department; that the university as such has no opinion except that he has some competence in that general field. If the latter, it is equally obvious that he speaks only for himself, since in a matter of public dispute all sides are probably represented in the university. Or again, what does "the university" mean? If the corporation, then no one in the least acquainted with universities supposes that the opinions of professors represent those of members of the corporation. If the faculty, then every one knows that university faculties differ among themselves on every subject under heaven and never attempt to act as a unit except in matters for which they are officially responsible. If the student body, the public has better means for getting student opinion than through professors. The notion, then, that when a professor expresses himself on some issue, whether local or national, he represents any one but himself or an accidentally like-minded group is a baseless superstition, no doubt held by a certain ignorant portion of the public, but certain to lead to confusion and injustice whenever it is acted upon, and one which every intelligent person should try to dispel.

The question involved, then, is really whether we should tolerate any tendency to make university scholars a class characterized by special privileges and special restrictions, like priests, diplomats, and soldiers. Members of these classes claim to speak with the authority of church or government when they speak *ex cathedra,* and are often restrained from uttering their private judgments because of the peculiar relation they hold to the authority to which they have submitted their individuality in a special way. Is it desirable that professors should form a similar group? If so, we shall have to go about the organization of the hierarchy more systematically. There are certain colleges whose professors, to be eligible, must conform to some religious or theological test—their individual opinions on religion and theology being correspondingly undervalued by the public; but I know of none as yet, which has adopted tests in the field of economics, politics, or law.

Because the point of view of the individual speaker is often of significance in debate, it may be proper for me to depose that I do not argue as one who has suffered from restrictions or misjudgments of public utterances. I happen to be a professor of language and literature, and my opinions are not usually solicited by the public, except when an occasional reporter calls me up to know what I think of the morality of a popular play, or a divided family wish to know whether they may say, "It is me." Hence when I express myself on the income tax or on evolution, no one dreams that I represent the opinion of any one else. I am also so fortunate as to belong to a faculty which every one knows includes pacifists and belligerents, radicals and stand-patters, and representatives of many creeds. When any of us speaks on non-academic matters, with the university name attached to his, I think it is understood that he speaks "for the university" in this sense, and in this only—that the university is a body of scholars, each of whom is to form and utter his opinions as he sees the truth. Naturally, I covet the same conditions for my colleagues everywhere.

There are perhaps two remarks that may be made in support of a different attitude. Since (it may be said) the ignorant public *will* sometimes confuse individual professors and their universities, would it not at least be a matter of wisdom, in case one knows himself to be in a minority on a public issue, to keep silence? To which I answer that even the ignorant public knows the meaning of the *argumentum a silentio,* though it may not know the name, and if issues are really joined, to be silent may be to speak with all the qualities of a speaker except courage. Or again, it may be said that the mere expression of opinion may be, under certain circumstances, a sign of intellectual or moral unfitness for a professor's chair. To this I cheerfully agree, and I have not tried to argue that university authorities should not take action where they think that such unfitness has been demonstrated. I suppose it is quite possible that one who should advocate a return to the Ptolemaic astronomy or to primitive polygamy would thereby give proof of ineligibility for an American professorship. Perhaps the report of the Committee on Academic Freedom, concerning acts of professors during the present war, is really based on this ground; if so, we may agree with it in principle, after all. But the point is that we should be very clear that we are not assuming that what seems to *us* to be incompatible with mental and moral integrity is actually so. I may be unable to see how a person of intellect can believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or how a moral man can support anti-Japanese legislation; but some observation will disclose that these things are nevertheless possible in fact. To assume at once that those opposed to one's own principles are the enemies of mankind is the prerogative of children, ladies of the old school, Mr. Roosevelt, and *some* university trustees.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

Stanford University, Cal., March 12

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Correspondence

War by Starvation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to give my cordial endorsement to Mr. Oldys's letter on starvation in the *Nation* for March 14. Starvation on a national scale means war on women, war on children, war on babes, born and unborn, war on old men, war on the sick and wounded, war on neutrals, and war on prisoners—in the last-named case, as Mr. Oldys has trenchantly shown, often involving war on our own countrymen. In short, it includes half the brutalities for which Germany is to-day an outlaw and outcast among nations. We all hope that the abolition of war after the end of this conflict may reduce to irrelevance the question of the comparative barbarity of its instruments. But the event is not yet so secure as to rob Mr. Oldys's plea of pertinence or usefulness.

O. W. FIRKINS

Minneapolis, Minn., March 22

The "Tread" that Follows War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A trifle of no importance gives me the opportunity of a quotation and a mention. In "A French Soldier Poet" (*Nation* of January 31), "To a Mother" has in the last stanza the word "step" instead of "tread" which the rhyme requires, which was intended, and which has meaning of the utmost import.

For your grief is like the night, full of stars that shine;
There's a glory waits on your *tread:*
With the crape of your veil mingle laurels divine—
And we see the dark splendor of the dead.

In "Thorndale, or a Conflict of Opinions," by William Smith (1857) — book and author still influencing our thought, though little known—Cyril says:

Even Infinite Love and Infinite Compassion must strike a guilty race with terror and remorse. This transgressing world, since the day of its sin, has seen, and could see, nothing so awful as that mild Presence which walked forth from the village of Nazareth. Under that naked footfall the earth trembles still.

I should like to add that the Soldier Poet, Captain Alfred Droin, was wounded grievously in the war, and, after many weary months in hospital, has been invalided permanently.

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, March 1

Gray's "Elegy" in Spanish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The two Spanish versions of Gray's "Elegy" noted in Mr. C. S. Northup's "Bibliography of Thomas Gray," recently reviewed in the *Nation* (February 21, pp. 214-215), fail to give an adequate idea of the extraordinary popularity of the poem in Spanish-speaking countries. In Menéndez y Pelayo's "Historia de la Poesía Hispano-Americana" (1913, II, 409-414), reference is made to the following translations: Juan Antonio Miralla's, 1823 (not *"about 1823,"* as Mr. Northup states); Manuel N. Pérez del Camino's, 1822; José V. Alonso's (published ?); José Fernández Guerra's two versions, 1840, 1850; Enrique de Vedia's published about 1845–1848, and frequently afterwards, so that Mr. Northup's *"n. d. pref. 1860"* may be correct of one edition: Ignacio Gómez's, 1888. To this list may be added the following translations, and doubtless a few more: one, apparently the first, published in La Minerva, 1805, I, 15 (author ?); José de Urcullu's, La Colmena, London, 1843, II, 73-77 (illustrated); Roberte MacDouall's, La Revista del Ateneo Hispano-Americano, Washington, 1914, I, 12-18 (with English text). Mr. MacDouall refers to a translation by Hevia, but this is a mistake for Vedia, whose name was Enrique, not "H. L.," as given by Mr. Northup. The same bibliographer refers to a possible anonymous Spanish version published about 1839, but there is no justification whatsoever for his interpretation of a sentence in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* November, 1839, 470: "Both [*i. e.,* Spanish and Portuguese translations] however exist, and I have now before me the latter . . ." MILTON A. BUCHANAN

Toronto, Can., March 1

BOOKS

A Fighting Critic

On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

ONCE in Plato's year or thereabouts reviewing becomes a pleasure, not a task. In some unaccountable whim, Fate drops on the case-hardened reviewer's desk a book he really wants to read. It holds him away from his luxurious table and from his downy couch. He chuckles and crows with sheer intellectual delight, as his busy pencil underscores passage after memorable passage. Best of all, he actually forgets that he has to render an opinion on his reading to the public. Such a volume is Mr. Sherman's collected appraisements of certain contemporary writers. They appeared separately, not without applause, in the pages of the *Nation.* Massed in a book, they form a body of critical doctrine impressive by reason of its brilliant expression, its philosophical basis, and its consistency with itself.

Ideas, says Heine, force us into the arena and make us fight for them. This is Mr. Sherman's case. He is possessed of very definite ideas for which he is ready to do battle on the instant with all comers. Those ideas are the reverse of popular. For it must be confessed that he is a convinced and unrepentant "Victorian," and all that fearsome term implies. He has even been dubbed a "besotted Victorian." If the phrase is a reproach, he certainly accepts it without fear. He is the champion of what Carlyle calls the Great Decency Principle and the enemy of Naturalism and the Naturalists. He is a bonny fighter. He has well been taught his dazzling fence; and he enjoys the distinction of fighting with perfect good humor, like Mercutio or Cyrano. He is no stranger to the *gaudium certaminis.* To take liberties with a famous purple passage, it is inspiriting to see how gallantly the solitary outlaw—read "Victorian"—advances to attack enemies formidable separately, and, it might have been thought, irresistible when combined. He distributes his swashing blows among George Moore, H. G. Wells, and Synge, and treads the wretched Dreiser down in the dirt underneath his feet.

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Next to his militancy, Mr. Sherman's distinction as a critic is that his criticism has for its basis a definite philosophy of life. In the welter of mere æsthetic preferences, this critic offers a rounded, reasoned scheme of values and standards. His scheme may be attacked as a system and it can be defended as a system. Friends and foes alike will always find him at his old ward and bearing his point in an unmistakable direction. A line from Matthew Arnold, "Man must begin, know this, where nature ends," is the device on his shield. In other words, Nature is not enough, we cannot rest in Nature; the ape and the tiger are natural, but we must let the ape and the tiger in us die. The watchwords on the opposite side are "Follow Nature," "Trust your instincts," "Back to Nature." In a masterly prologue, Mr. Sherman sets his principles forth with great clearness and force. It is a resounding challenge to the Naturalists, all and sundry.

To defeat Mr. George Moore is almost too easy; he himself has put the weapons into the hand of any adversary. In his five autobiographic volumes, he writes himself down "an elderly Irish satyr fluting among the reeds to a decadent Irish naiad." Mr. Sherman's careful and impartial analysis of his works makes plain that Moore's failure is in having "shaken off the bonds which united him to civil life," that the logical outcome of his naturalism is social anarchy. "The sanguine and mellifluous egotism" of Mr. H. G. Wells prompts the self-revelations of Mr. Britling, which gives the measure of the man. It is almost cruel to point out that "German efficiency is the realization of his lifelong dreams, that modern Germany is, in short, the naturalistic Wellsian Utopia militant." One admires Mr. Wells because he is constantly growing; the trouble is that he never grows up. As Mr. Sherman says, he is "protean."

> Each new message of his conceals the last. . . . He is still the grandiose and romantic dreamer bent upon bringing forward a brand-new scheme for the salvation of the world. A few years ago it was world-Socialism; a little later it was world-aristocracy; to-day it is world-theocracy. What it will be to-morrow no man knows, but every man can guess that it will be something different and equally evanescent.

The end of the Wellsian philosophy is also anarchy. The study of Synge is a genuine clearing up of an obscure matter. The "legend of the joyous Synge bounding over the hills with the glad wild life of the unspoiled barbarian" is given its quietus. Instead we find a sophisticated Parisian-moulded Irishman approaching the Aran Islands in the spirit of Pierre Loti approaching Japan, a Synge basing one of his plays on Clemenceau's "Voile de Bonheur," and one of his poems on Leopardi's "Silva." The charge against Dreiser ("whoso can him read") is that his "art" defeats itself. "He has deliberately rejected the novelist's supreme task—understanding and presenting the development of character. . . . He has evaded the enterprise of representing human conduct; he has confined himself to a representation of animal behavior." Here again naturalism leads to anarchy in art.

To record even half the judgments of Mr. Sherman to which sensible men will cry Amen is impossible within the compass of an ordinary review. He understands the art of mingling blame and praise. In the case of Meredith and Henry James, for instance, he does not spare the faults of a tortured style, but he inspires the baffled reader to attack those difficult authors once more, in spite of many repulses. "The mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are." But Mr. Sherman differs from the mass. He has an ardent desire to see contemporary literature as it is. To the task he brings a clear, a learned, and withal a merry eye. *Castigat ridendo.* Very many readers will agree that the vision he presents is essentially true, for, in the words of a master he delights to honor, his is a "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

A Feast of Morsels

A Bookman's Budget. Composed and compiled by Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

FINDING his ordinary plans and projects suspended, presumably by the war, Mr. Austin Dobson had the happy thought of raking together from various sources much varied material into a commonplace book. He took his good things where he found them, in the writings of other men and in his own. The outcome is an agreeable medley of prose and verse, literary odds and ends, curious facts, into which the bookish person may dip at random, sure of fishing up something of interest. It is not a book to read at a sitting; its place is on the table, or on a handy shelf whence it may be taken up at odd moments. None the less, if one begins to browse, it is hard to lay the book aside. The matter is generally new and is set forth in an attractive manner. The short paragraphs, like little dainty dishes, stimulate the taste for more.

As might be expected from Mr. Dobson's well-known preferences, the eighteenth century and French literature form his happy hunting-grounds, though he ranges also the demesnes that thereto adjacent lie, the Carolinians and the classics on the one side, and moderns, even American men of letters like Lowell and Aldrich, on the other. The book is a piece of pathetic flotsam from the world that was submerged in August, 1914, a world which could be interested in "mere literature."

It cannot escape the great shadow of the present conflict. An excerpt from a sermon by Sydney Smith, on the danger of invasion, shows that the British people had the same fears to combat in their struggle with Napoleon, the Invincible, as at the present time. Sprinkled throughout the book are verses of Mr. Dobson's own confection—epigrams, translations, rondeaus on blinded soldiers. Against the black background of war, they seem pitifully frail, like the resistance of little crimson-winged Love to the Shadow feared of man in Watts's allegory.

The main value of such a book is to turn away our minds from the present nightmare in which we are all living, and so to interpose a little ease. It is worth while to be reminded that literary gossip once had a certain value, and may have again. Why Cory, the author of "Ionica," admired "Les Misérables," what became of the monuments to Hogarth's pets, how to find the tomb of Fielding, near Lisbon, would interest normal persons in normal times. To see holes picked in the omniscience of Macaulay is not unpleasing, even now; or to witness the magisterial Carlyle taken down a peg. How the fat famous sea-fighter Suffren came by his end is an intriguing mystery; and that the Redoubtable from which Nelson received his death wound was originally christened the Suffren is a rather memorable fact. There are facts in plenty. The information regarding Lord George Gordon of the Gordon riots and Barnaby Rudge is ample and illumi-

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nating. A portrait of the fanatic reminds one of Knox: it might find a place in a group of Auld Licht elders. Gordon became a Jew from conviction, and was most exact in following the rules of his new religion.

A feature of the book are the illustrations. The frontispiece of the lonely shut-in child suggests the general dreariness of the eighteenth century, and reveals another facet of the genius of Blake. Maclise's caricature of Talleyrand is a good example of his peculiar art. He was a master of line. The picture of a French bookshop *circa* 1762 is altogether charming. All these things were worth rescuing from the past. "Europe's sagest head" declared that it was always good to know something, to be learning always. This commonplace book presents the material and the opportunity for putting this precept in practice.

On Keeping Your Eyes Open and Following Your Nose

Green Trails and Upland Pastures. By Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.60 net.

Great Possessions: A New Series of Adventures. By David Grayson. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.30 net.

IN living a metropolitan life and loving it, Walter Prichard Eaton differs from most of our writers on nature. Born and bred in "our" Berkshire Hills, as he likes to put it, he knows nature as he knows life itself, and has acquired something like scorn for both the professional naturalist, devoted to fact, and the amateur naturalist, devoted to sentimentalism. He is not so foolish as to disparage man and man's city life; "It is a law of our nature," he wrote in "Barn Doors and Byways" a few years ago, "to herd with our kind, and fight for things material, to create art and skyscrapers and fine clothes and grand opera and high tariffs and slums and creeds and all sorts of jumbled wisdom and folly." "But it is a law of our nature, too," he goes on, "sometimes to revolt, to throw ourselves back on the bosom of the inanimate, to cry out not for art, but the huddle of hills into the sunset and the song of the thrush . . . and the soft seduction of a little river."

Neither naturalist nor sentimentalist, he approaches nature as an artist. He urges going to nature for "the great, simple mysteries"; to him, clearly, the great, simple mysteries speak in terms of line, color, and texture. He does not "philosophize," he describes; and his allusions are to the playhouse, to music, to sculpture (a certain white pine reminding him of the Winged Victory), and more especially to painting (he sees in his landscape suggestions now of Corot, now of Whistler, now of Botticelli). A Poe among writers on nature, he looks for "effects" and "values," for interesting "lines" and "fluid curves," for "high lights" and "foregrounds" and "frames." The open barn doors of his earlier book framed the landscape; the same function is performed now by the arching elm boughs. For a whole season, he tells us, he kept a snow diary; the result of this interest is apparent in his records of the various appearances of winter weeds, or of the "soft, delicate shades" of "the winter landscape by the river bank, where the gray and coffee-tan of a mottled old sycamore leans out over the dark ice or the black streaks of open water, while beneath its bare limbs, over the snowy fields, we see the blue dome of a mountain"—a felicitous composition which the illustrator, Walter King Stone, has rendered with fair skill. In reading these enthusiastic records of the pictorial qualities of nature, the novice will perhaps gain an insight into this mode of viewing nature more easily than through the study of landscape painting. Here, for example, is a bit of description in which color is handled charmingly and in which the music of nature, mute in landscape painting, blends into the picture as it does in actual life (the "Peabodies" are, of course, the white-throated sparrows):

> Now there comes a hush in the bird songs, a hush in all nature, while the peak behind us grows amethyst, the high zenith clouds are salmon streamers, and the golden west blushes into rose. The woods grow dim. The rose dusks to a deeper hue, and suddenly against it all the pointed firs stand darkly up like a spired city in fairyland. At that moment the birds break their hush, the Peabodies flute from spire to spire like little Moslems in Christian belfries, and from the dusk of the forest wall behind us comes ringing the full-throated song of a hermit thrush.

A quite different point of view prevails in the essays or "adventures," as he alluringly calls them, of "David Grayson." City life did not turn out so happily for him; *his* revolt was sudden and bitter. Readers of "Adventures in Contentment," which appeared ten years ago, will recall the sharp reversal of his whole inward life on that April day among the soft maples of the park, when his mad haste towards a dimly imaged Success collapsed, and he with it. Then followed eight years of farming, and the reconstruction of the inner life; and the latter led to the popular "Adventures" and "Great Possessions."

"Great Possessions" is quite as good as the earlier books. Here are, once more, the humor, the poise, the literary charm, the facile optimism, the love of sentiment bordering upon sentimentalism, that accounted for previous successes. The perception of character is as keen as before and as incisively utilized. Again the reader may immerse himself in that breathing stillness, as of an eloquent summer evening, that pervades all these books. David Grayson is right in implying that the great adventure comes to him whose soul is still in the presence of Nature, that, if Nature speaks at all, it is when she has absorbed our excitement, so to speak, and given us her own serenity. Such work as this might succeed in any age; to-day, it succeeds largely because it pictures with skill that Arcady towards which spent city folk are always longing—farm life lived for immaterial ends.

David Grayson's "philosophy" is indeed simple: he insists, with all poets, that life is to be realized; he calls for "awareness," "aliveness," emphasis, not on to-morrow, but on "*this* moment, this great and golden moment!" He tells his neighbor Horace, the type of the practical man: "I'm the practical man, Horace, for I want my peace now, and my happiness now, and my God now. I can't wait. My barns may burn and my cattle die, or the solid bank where I keep my deferred joy may fail, or I myself by to-morrow be no longer here." That is good advice to give to an age that rushes and frets and knows not what it seeks, and friend David gives it in a hundred guises and always acceptably. Nor does he commit the error of merely preaching the simple life. He presents an amusing picture of a woman who recoils from the complexity of modern life and cultivates simplicity. She fails. "You were trying to be simple," David tells her, "for the sake of being simple. I wonder if true simplicity is ever anything but a by-product."

A by-product of what? Well, something higher. So far our farmer poet is with the great spirits of the past. But he does not ascend with them into the empyrean. His something higher is not high enough; he dwells in the foothills

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of the spirit, where most of us dwell, and for that very reason is a fit leader for those who dwell there or lower down. To other readers he will seem to corroborate, rather than to lead upward. He is, indeed, a kind of tame Whitman plus Thoreau, and is for those to whom Whitman is too wild and Thoreau at once too wild and too civilized.

Like Thoreau he believes in abstaining from drink, tobacco, and excessive eating in order that the sensuous life may be subtle and rich. Like both Thoreau and Whitman he has developed his sense of smell, and in his latest book celebrates this unpopular sense in two chapters, Of Good and Evil Odors and Follow Your Nose! leaving sight to the more competent Mr. Eaton. His sense of taste he has developed as Thoreau did (Whitman did not choose to experiment with him), enjoying all of nature's sours and bitters within reach. By these means he eventually attained "the heights." Enlarging his acquaintance with the concrete world, concentrating his attention first on one sense and then on another, he found himself composing certain descriptive and appreciatory phrases. These in turn led to a perception of Nature's meaning, which came "like a flame for clearness." The only example he gives is this message from Nature: "We are to be like the friendly pines, and the elm trees, and the open fields, and reject no man and judge no man." After all, his "heights" are merely a readiness to perceive what goes on outside of our minds and inside of them: a readiness that calls for a degree of observation and reflection that are all too rare among men. "David Grayson" himself is not quite the shining leader in observation and reflection that Graysonians imagine him to be.

The Afrikander Warrior-Statesman

War Time Speeches. By Lt.-Gen. the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts. New York: George H. Doran Company.

DURING the course of his mission to England as the representative of South Africa in the Imperial War Cabinet and Conference held in London last spring, General Smuts delivered a number of public addresses upon subjects related to the war, which were widely commented upon in the British press. Several of them have been collected and published in pamphlet form. Among the questions which he discussed one is the British Commonwealth, another a future League of Nations. In a speech delivered in the Imperial War Conference he shows the relation between these two themes. "People talk about a league of nations and international government, but the only successful experiment in international government that has ever been made is the British Empire. . . ." In common with every one else who has given any attention to the problems of the Empire, he perceives that the *status quo*, the present relations between the Dominions and the United Kingdom, cannot endure. Smuts's attitude towards reconstruction is determined in part by his outlook as a South African, in part by his conception of the true nature of the Empire, or as he calls it, and less inaccurately, the British Commonwealth of Nations, and his interpretation of its history. Though his patriotism is of the coöperative rather than the competitive type, Smuts is a South African patriot, and no solution of the imperial problem could be satisfactory to him that did not assure the fullest opportunity for the development of what Mr. Jebb has aptly termed "colonial nationalism." In his view, the British Commonwealth is not a single state, but rather an association of states. "We are not a state, but a community of states and nations," he asserts. In these words he summarily consigns to the scrap heap of rusty legalism what Bagehot, were he writing to-day, would call the "literary theory" of the British Empire, the doctrine of the imperial sovereignty of the British Parliament.

Viewing the British Commonwealth as he does, Smuts naturally rejects all projects for reconstruction through federation, or any other form of organic union. Actual facts seem to him absolutely to preclude such a solution of the problem. "Here we are . . .," he exclaims, "a group of nations spread over the whole world, speaking different languages, belonging to different races, with entirely different economic circumstances, and to attempt to run even the common concerns of that group of nations by means of a Central Parliament and a Central Executive is, to my mind, absolutely to court disaster."

How, then, is this unprecedented Commonwealth of Nations to be preserved? Not, Smuts emphatically answers, by following precedents, for these are inapplicable to a commonwealth that is *sui generis*. The federalism of the United States, for example, must not be copied, for the framers of the Constitution of the United States were seeking unity and assimilation, whereas the fundamental principle of the British Commonwealth is, according to Smuts, that it "does not stand for standardization or denationalization, but for the fuller, richer, and more various life of all the nations comprised in it." Not "liberty and union," in the sense that Webster used that phrase, but "freedom and diversity" would appear to be the maxim of this soldier-statesman, who, though a patriotic South African and an erstwhile foe of Britain, yet sees in the British Commonwealth a beacon torch of liberty and international coöperation for the whole world. In the Imperial War Conference Smuts spoke in support of a resolution which was adopted in favor of imperial reorganization on the basis of a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth.

So far as institutions are concerned, Smuts is opposed to arduous feats of constitutionalism. The kingship seems to him a sufficient symbol of permanent coöperation between the partner states of the Commonwealth, and he looks to some development of the present system of Imperial Conference to afford more adequate opportunity than now exists for common consultation between them. But he does not view the problem as one mainly of constitutional reorganization. Ultimate reliance for the preservation of the Commonwealth, he holds, is not to be placed upon any instrument of government or machinery of coercion, but upon the public opinion of the peoples that compose it. "People are inclined to forget that the world is growing more democratic, and that public opinion and the forces finding expression in public opinion are going to be far more powerful than they have been in the past."

Smuts believes in the practicability of permanent and guaranteed peace. He is in entire agreement with President Wilson that it will require recognition of the principle of national self-determination and some plan for disarmament. He desires the creation of a League of Nations with force behind it. But here, as in the case of the British Commonwealth, his ultimate reliance would be upon public opinion in the nations. The problem, as he sees it, is fundamentally one of psychology, rather than of political mechanics. What is needful is a "change in the hearts of men."

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Without this, international agreements will be but so many scraps of paper. "I am not sure that a passion has not been born for peace after this war which in the end will prove stronger than all the passion for war which has so far overwhelmed us, and that is the only thing that can save us in the long run." These are the words not of a mollycoddle or a sentimentalist, but of a veteran soldier who knows war and hates it, though he hates servitude more. When a Bernhardi preaches the religion of valor, we are disposed to attribute the sentiments of the sermon to the psychology of his profession rather than to independent inquiry and judgment of his own. When, however, a soldier talks like an internationalist and a humanitarian, he creates a strong presumption in favor of his capacity to think for himself. His words are sure to be worth attending to.

How Germany Does Business

How Germany Does Business. By P. P. Gourvitch. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

FOR about a hundred years prior to the Franco-Prussian War Great Britain was engaged in showing the world how to make things; for a good part of the time since then Germany has been engaged in showing the world how to sell things. In a few lines her products have unquestionably been superior to those of other nations, but as a whole they have not possessed this advantage. Yet she has excelled in marketing them. And after German commerce has been three years off the sea there is a lively fear that German trade predominance will be greater after the war than before. Our own State Department, for example, says that American business must not make the mistake of underestimating our enemy's capacity for foreign trade or the energy, application, and craft with which German business will address itself to the task of regaining favor in markets in which it once prospered.

For years discussion has been rife regarding German trade methods. The merit of the work before us is that it goes far towards showing us how to achieve similar success. The author creates the impression of knowing his subject root and branch, and he has a sharp sense for the distinction between essentials and non-essentials. Hence his ability to compact a great world-subject into one hundred and thirty small pages.

Dr. Gourvitch says the Germans financed their foreign trade largely through London, but sometimes through Paris and other money markets. Their great aim was to be relieved of the financial burden of trade, and they appear to have thus freed themselves for the great task of working up demand for their commodities in foreign countries.

The Germans offered credit to their customers primarily because English merchants sold chiefly on a cash basis. But they soon found out by experience that credit is a *creator of demand* and therefore an incentive to consumption and at the same time a stimulus to production and the saving of capital. They made some costly mistakes in acquiring this knowledge, as Dr. Gourvitch points out. They were, however, able and willing to profit by the lessons of their experience. They abandoned speculation in credit and found a sound economic basis for it.

The Germans reasoned in this fashion: in a little German town, in every line of trade there are a certain number of small dealers who are good for a credit of perhaps one thousand marks, just as Frau Krupp-Bohlen is good for one million. As there are many such small towns in Germany, there are plenty of these good credit risks. If that is true of Germany, it is true of other countries and of all the world. In business as in philosophy, the Germans liked to embrace the whole of the universe.

That policy, so different from the English exporter's policy of dealing only with first-class, big importing concerns, amounted to a stroke of genius. To give these smaller foreign dealers such facilities as would enable them to buy and to pay meant, according to the theory of probabilities, building up a sure, conservative clientèle of "geographical distribution." The individual units were good because small and conservative and because the credit granted them was only such as their character and ability warranted. The number was also an important factor, as the magnitude of the number of units made it possible to depend less on any one of them. One concern is mentioned which in a period of eight years incurred a loss of less than one-fifth of one per cent. of its total business, which was entirely on credit.

The Germans had a way of opening credits for foreign importers of their goods without the latter's knowledge. A German shoe factory sent its travelling agent to Russia with a list of very small towns with which it felt it was safe to do business. The agent would go into a town and use his eyes and ears and pick out the merchants he thought it advisable to approach. Next day at the leading bank of the community he would announce that his factory would like to deal with these particular merchants, if the bank considered them good credit. If the answer was satisfactory, he would add that the factory was going to sell on credit and that it would be glad to have the bank present the drafts for acceptance and buy them when accepted. By such methods the factory not only learned all there was to be known about credits in that community, but acquired the money to finance its exports as well. Incidentally, when the German agent got down to the actual work of selling his shoes to the Russian merchant, he would pretend that they were made by an American factory in Germany for the sake of cheapness. He was, says Dr. Gourvitch, of the opinion of some German philosophers, "that truth is only a relative matter and is no more than a judgment that does not bring one to contradictions."

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Notes

THE Century Company announces for early publication: "The Nations at the Peace Table," by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank, and "Russia in Upheaval," by Edward Alsworth Ross.

The following volumes are announced for early publication by J. B. Lippincott Company: "Submarine in War and Peace: Its Development and Possibilities," by Simon Lake; "Over the Threshold of War," by Nevil Monroe Hopkins, and "Over There," by Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie.

"Bombs and Hand Grenades," by Captain Bertram Smith, and "A Happy Garret," by V. Goldie, are announced for publication in the near future by E. P. Dutton & Co.

D. Appleton & Company announce for immediate publication: "Glorious Exploits of the Air," by Edgar C. Middleton; "Military Map Making and Reading," the joint work of Lieut.-Col. James M. Hutchinson and Captain Andrew J. MacElroy.

Among the April publications of the Macmillan Company are the following: "The Boardman Family," by Mary S. Watts; "First the Blade: A Comedy of Growth," by Clemence Dane; "The Book of High Romance," by Michael Williams; "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me," by William Allen White; "History of Labor in the United States," by John R. Commons; "Reincarnations," by James Stephens; "Historic Mackinac," by Edwin O. Wood; "Co-operation, the Hope of the Consumer," by Emerson P. Harris.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication April 20 "Shellproof Mack," by Arthur Mack.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication immediately the following volumes: "How to Sell More Goods," by H. J. Barrett, and "Gaslight Sonatas," by Fannie Hurst.

Early in May the University of Chicago Press will publish "The Greek Theatre and its Drama" by Roy C. Flickinger.

FURTHER evidence that the teaching force in the United States is awakening to the importance of the Spanish language is shown by the publication of *Hispania*, a magazine issued quarterly at Stanford University by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish, under the editorship of Professors Espinosa, Fitz-Gerald, and Ford. The bibliography and textbook reviews will be found valuable to students and teachers of Spanish. The fairness and maturity of thought in the first issue, February, 1918, promise well.

STUDENTS of Dante have long treasured the first three series of the late Dr. Edward Moore's "Studies in Dante" and will welcome with memorial gratitude the Fourth Series, now published by the Oxford University Press. The first half of the volume is occupied by an essay on the "Textual Criticism of the *Convivio*," which justifies many new readings adopted, necessarily without discussion, in the last edtion of the Oxford Dante. There follow three articles not previously published—two very valuable studies on "Dante's Theory of Creation" and "Sta. Lucia in the Divina Commedia," and an excellent lecture introductory to the study of the *Paradiso*—and a few other articles reprinted from various reviews.

A NOTABLE little volume is the "Airy Nothings" of George Gordon (Sturgis & Walton Co.; $1.25 net). It is the work of a devoted and exceedingly capable Shakespearean in which intimate knowledge and common-sense are most felicitously blended. More than half of it is devoted to a preface—remarkable alike for its style, sincerity, and cogency—introducing a one-act play, "Mary, Mary," of which the heroine is the much-discussed Mary Fitton, whom the author identifies positively with the dark lady of the sonnets. The play, though it might, if capably interpreted, prove effective on the stage, is more striking as a literary study in the Elizabethan manner than as drama. The scene is laid in a room of the Mermaid Tavern, whither Mary, in the disguise of a young gallant, comes, attended by her brother, in order to catch a secret glimpse of her lover, Shakespeare, in association with his brother poets and boon companions. She has heard that he is to read a sonnet in her honor. To them unnoticed presently enter Henry Chettle, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Fletcher, John Lyly, Michael Drayton, John Florio, William Kemp, Walter Raleigh, and William Herbert, all prepared with specimens of their own verse to be judged by the standard of Marlowe's famous lines to Helen. Each recites in turn some passage of classic verse, until, last of all, Shakespeare delivers his sonnet, "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," which so wounds Mary's vanity that, regardless of concealment, she roundly denounces the poet and attacks him with her rapier. Seized by Herbert, who has already attracted her lively fancy, she reposes confidingly in his arms and is by him tenderly withdrawn from the inn, while the disheartened Shakespeare is left to the rough consolation of Chettle.

THOUGH there is not in this much that is effectively dramatic, there is no lack of literary interest. Much of the dialogue—all the verse—is quotation, but in the connecting links Mr. Gordon exhibits imagination as well as an uncommon imitative faculty. He preserves throughout the Elizabethan manner and atmosphere, and, with the proper actors, it is conceivable that his little play might act as well as it reads. His preface demonstrates the scope of his study, his clearness of vision, and his mastery of trenchant English. Most true Shakespeareans will be heartily in accord with him, and even those who may not agree with all his conclusions will relish the sturdiness of his zeal, the incisiveness of his argument, the vigor of his onslaught, and the clarity of his convictions. For him the great mass of minor and miscellaneous Shakespearean commentary, with all its dry-as-dust discussions of non-essentials, its conjectural emendations, and mystifying speculations, is so much tedious, mischievous, and impertinent piffle. He derides the nonsense that is talked about our ignorance of the lesser details of Shakespeare's life—as if it were strange in the circumstances. He holds the Bacon folly, that would disprove the possibility of one miracle by demanding credence for a greater one, lunatic. He strips the pretence from Bernard Shaw with an unsparing ridicule worthy of that witty Irishman himself. He deals Professor Kittredge some doughty blows and vehemently assails some favorite notions of Sir Sidney Lee. This preface, indeed, is full of pregnant thought, inspired by enthusiastic study and sympathetic intelligence, and expressed in a vigorous and happy phraseology worthy of its subject.

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THE merit of Mr. C. E. Bechhofer's "Russian Anthology in English" (Dutton; $1.50) lies in its offering good reading matter in exceptionally adequate translation. The editor's prose rendering of two scenes from Pushkin's "Mozart and Salieri" is very gratifying. Russian poetry has thus far fared ill in the hands of English translators. Less successful is the prose translation of "Katerina," the most popular poem of the Little-Russian bard, Shevchenko; it is questionable, moreover, whether Ukrainian authors should be included in a Russian anthology; it smacks of literary imperialism. The editor has done well in selecting extracts from less-known authors; the keen sketch, "Dostoievsky and Tolstoy," by A. Volynsky, introduces for the first time a critic who has been ostracized in Russia for his heterodoxy in literary criticism, but whose sincerity and profundity are beginning to be recognized among the younger schools. There is considerable lack of proportion in the selections. Krylov is represented with eight fables, while only one insignificant poem is selected from one of the most remarkable lyricists, Tyutchev. As an anthology the book is a failure; the selections, however good in themselves, do not give a complete or fairly representative picture of Russian literature. Not only are many important authors omitted (*e. g.*, Yevreinov is the only living writer included besides the critic Volynsky), but some of the extracts in the book are far from being characteristic of their authors. The reader who will take up the Anthology with the view of becoming acquainted with Russian literature may be misled in many instances. Mr. Bechhofer admits that he has selected "such characteristic passages as are likely at the same time to interest the non-Russian."

IN a series of letters to her mother, but possibly with an eye to a larger audience, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in "Diplomatic Days" (Harpers; $2) gives her impressions of Mexico as she saw it from May, 1911, to October, 1912. The period embraces the resignation of Diaz, his departure in the early dawn of the next day for Europe, the interregnum of De la Barra, the arrival of Madero and the first part of his Administration. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has an acute and analytic mind. She has few illusions and she writes well, though her Spanish orthography is not always impeccable. Her point of view is probably that of the diplomatic corps of which her husband was a member under the American Ambassador, Mr. H. L. Wilson. From day to day, along with details of parties and balls, dinners and receptions, accounts of dress, furniture, and household matters, she sets down her impressions of the Mexican political world as they occur to her. She has a graphic touch, and one sees many historic personages pass in review: Diaz at eighty-three, tormented with disease, relinquishing a stable and respected Government with sixty-five million dollars in the Treasury; De la Barra, a mere *locum tenens*, suave, polished, uneasy; Madero, dreamy, fanatical, given over to spiritualism and occult influences; Pino Suárez, Madero's choice for Vice-President, an obscure country editor from Yucatan, of whom the populace shows its dislike by crying in the streets *Pino-no-no-no;* Orozco, powerful and mistrusted; Huerta, the successful Federal general, the strong man of the day; Zapata, the murderer whose unchecked hordes ravage the country up to the city gates; von Hintze, the German Minister, amiable and affable, whose absences from the city are explained by his having to attend to German interests in the interior of the republic. Outside of the domain of politics, the letters give charming sketches of the cld Mexican first families, the intellectuals, the *científicos*, the newly arrived —"surprised looking ladies in high-necked dresses and eager looking men," who had evidently seen worse days. The student of the time of the Conquest will find interspersed in these pages much interesting lore. The devotee of the culinary art will be thankful for the receipt for *mole de guajolote*, which should be cooked over a *brasero* while the coals are fanned by a turkey wing. For much needed light on one of the pressing problems that will come up for solution by the American people after the present war, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's books will be found very valuable.

IN his "Nationalism" (Macmillan; $1.25) Sir Rabindranath Tagore assails with a vivid Oriental rhetoric that rises at times to real eloquence the monstrous fetish of mechanical efficiency which, coalescing with the idea of the nation, is now driving the whole Occident to its ruin. The blame for the present situation is not with this or that particular nation, but with the underlying conception of nationality itself. The nation thus conceived "may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam and office buildings, till its deformity can contain no longer its ugly voluminousness—till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and fire in gasps, and its death-rattles sound in cannon roars. In this war, the death-throes of the nation have commenced. Suddenly all its mechanism going mad, it has begun the dance of the furies, shattering its own limbs, scattering them into the dust. It is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal." If this war is the tragedy of the unreal, what then is the real? We gather from other passages in the book that the real is at the opposite pole from intellect or science or law. It is with the aid of these things that the West has built up "her gigantic abstractions of efficiency." The nation, armed with these abstractions and "having the conscience of a ghost and the callous perfection of an automaton, is causing disasters of which the volcanic dissipations of the youthful moon would be ashamed to be brought into comparison." We are to be redeemed if at all "not by methods of analytical knowledge, but by sympathy." We must put a soul into the nation—a soul of love. A league to enforce peace would under existing conditions be only a "federation of steam-boilers."

THESE attacks on analysis and mechanism and this exaltation of love and spontaneity and the unconscious ("where man is at his greatest," says Tagore, "he is unconscious") have as a matter of fact been very familiar to the Occident for the past century or more. Tagore's notions as to how Europe has lost its spiritual unity and as to how it may hope to recover this unity will be found to run closely parallel in particular to those of Novalis in his essay entitled "Christianity or Europe." Tagore would seem to miss the real problem in looking upon the type of nation that has grown up in the last hundred years or so as a soulless abstraction. This nation has a very potent soul—a soul of expansive emotion; and the love and brotherhood that he and others are preaching may turn out to be only a less potent form of the same emotion. The outlook is dark indeed if one's only recourse is from an emotional nationalism to an equally emotional but feebler internationalism. Tagore invokes his "ancestral rishis"; but these rishis were, one suspects, made of sterner stuff than their descendant. The "soul" on which they meditated was a soul of restraint

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—an inner check on expansive emotion. It is precisely in discriminating between the different meanings that may be given to such a word as "soul" that one needs the keen analysis that Tagore disparages on the ground that it ministers to the "ghastly abstraction" of the man of science bent on a heartless efficiency. Without affirming a complete parallelism between Tagore's views and certain Occidental movements, one may nevertheless conclude that his popularity with many readers is due to the fact that they may enjoy in reading him the illusion of being initiated into the wisdom of the East and at the same time continue to float on the main stream of primitivism and emotional romanticism that comes down from the eighteenth century.

Art

The Academy of Design's Ninety-third Exhibition

By N. N.

TO anybody who is not familiar with the galleries of America, the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design must prove something of a surprise and a disappointment. The Academy is a venerable institution for America; this is its ninety-third exhibition. Moreover, it calls itself National, and it is the only society of artists of the kind in the country. It would therefore seem reasonable to expect a show as representative at least as the Royal Academy is in London, if not as liberal as the two Salons are in Paris. But that so small and somewhat mediocre a collection is representative of the art of the United States is not easy to believe. It has neither the variety nor the distinction of the exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy, which does not pretend to be national and which is not run by a body of artists. Painters and sculptors who are among the most interesting exhibitors in Philadelphia—Alden Weir, Davies, McLure Hamilton, Wayman Adams, William M. Paxton, Grafly, Adolphe Borie—have no place at all in New York. Painters like Frieseke and Richard Miller send less important work. Others, with names as well known as Sargent, Henri, De Camp, Hawthorne, Maurer, are among the absent, though these men also are in the Philadelphia show. The exhibitors seem bent on maintaining an academic level, undisturbed by any large ambitious adventure or any suggestion that the younger men of today, like the younger men of all days, have risen in revolt. One reason probably is the size of the galleries, unexpectedly small for an Academy. Another may be that many artists, as in France and England, are busy with war work.

The first interest lies in the excellence of many landscapes. It is likely that nobody in Venice ever saw quite the color scheme revealed on The Grand Canal to Walter Griffin, whose deep rich greens and blues are as far removed from the mists and vapory effects of Turner as from the brilliant, glittering, blinding light of Rico, as different from the stereotyped rendering of Venice as that is from Venice itself. But the artist has looked at the Grand Canal with his own eyes, has presented what he saw there in his own fashion; the city, or the special scene in it, painted thousands of times by thousands of artists, has yielded to him a beauty that he has made all his own, and he, in his rendering of it, has opened our eyes in our turn to a new and very lovely aspect of that most beautiful of all cities which the Germans hope never to give us a chance to look at again. Griffin has found very much the same deep rich greens and blues in Autumn—France, and the purist who prizes local color above art might object, but any one with a sense of beauty can only rejoice in the loveliness that is the result on his canvas. Robert W. Vonnoh in Sunset Moon has worked out the mingling of the two lights with great tenderness, and sought rhythm in the arrangement of line where the autumn-tinted foliage dips towards the group of trees in the centre of the composition. Snow is more often the inspiration of the landscapes. E. W. Redfield records its sadness in his Snow-bound Village; Jonas Lie and Gifford Beal are concerned with its brilliancy, the first in a Winter Morning, the second in Winter Woodlands. Snow effects have also been studied by George Bellows, Gustave Wiegand, Charles Rosen. There is no question of the American painter's interest in the American winter, but mannerism has crept into the use he makes of it, he threatens to drop into formula, to reduce both his method of vision and his method of expression to a recipe. It might be a surprise, or a shock, if one of Fritz Thaulow's impressions of snow in Norway could be hung in the midst of this American series. Other landscapes are by Daniel Garber, Paul King, Bruce Crane. The grimness of Spain is suggested in Ernest Lawson's Spanish Castles, with its oasis of green in the stony wilderness. The figures and the windswept clouds give a sense of movement to Walter Ufer's Going West. But of more note is Childe Hassam's New York Landscape, with the delicate grays in the architecture and the delicate blues in the sky, characteristic of a town more renowned for its glitter and glare. The same painter's Allies' Day is gay and garden-like.

The portraits are not remarkable. The American seems to be spared the official or presentation portrait that chills, that paralyzes the British and French painter into banality and worse. But he hardly profits by his independence. He has evidently his own timidities to overcome in face of less formal sitters and less official commissions. The large full-length portrait of Mrs. William M. Chase and Her Son Dana, begun by Chase and carried out by Irving R. Wiles, is weak and spiritless. Any relation between the two figures, or character in either, is as far to seek as any dignity of design or harmony in the color scheme. The artist's attempt to complete another man's painting is apt to be as unsatisfactory a tribute to the dead as the author's effort to invent an end to the unfinished tale. In the Portrait of Mrs. Leonard Cox, Kenyon Cox apparently shrinks from real flesh and blood. His sitter, in evening gown with cloak thrown open, on her massive high-backed chair, is well posed, her red and white draperies are painted with care. But there is no life in the figure, the head scarcely seems to mark the chair against which it rests, there is no living, breathing body within the draperies. Turn from it to Miss Cecilia Beaux's Portrait, and how animated and alert and full of life the girl here seems in her simple black gown with the white fur at the neck and the sleeves, with what vivacity that fur is painted, and how the gown seems worn by and to belong to the figure inside it! What character there is even in the rather badly drawn hands, one all distorted in the white kid glove! It is clear that Miss Beaux was vastly amused when she painted that hand squeezed out of shape, and if she has not quite succeeded, there is more life in her failure than in the better drawn but ex-

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pressionless hand in the Mrs. Leonard Cox. It is a pity she did not paint her own portrait, for in sitting to Robert B. Brandegee she appears to have puzzled him to the verge of caricature. Leopold Seyfert, in his Mrs. Leopold Seyfert, is as indifferent to atmosphere as Wayman Adams in the portraits at the Pennsylvania Academy. But he has not Adams's complete absorption in his work. He is self-conscious. The clouds in his background swirl as clouds never did out of his painting and do in it only to repeat the lines of the big hat. The pattern of the gown and the touches of green in belt and buttons are over-accentuated. The whole portrait is as inanimate as a study in still-life. Character is much better obtained by the simpler, less showy methods of Sydney E. Dickinson in his small Portrait of Emily Hallowell, quiet, restrained, sombre in tone, the face flatly modelled, just a glint of light on the brown hair—a little Old Masterish, perhaps, in tone and sentiment, but the rendering of a very real person. Colin Campbell Cooper has a Portrait of a Lady in gauzy pink draperies, which is, as far as I know, a new departure for him, and he, in his turn, has sat for an excellent but somewhat perfunctory portrait by Henry R. Rittenberg. And there are portraits also by Mary Fairchild Low and Sergeant Kendall, but among them all, in the entire collection, not one of special distinction.

The big machine of the big French and English exhibitions does not appear, which is something to be thankful for. Nor is there any decorative design destined to adorn a given space, which is to be regretted, for it is in decoration of this kind that the painter to-day is given his finest chance. The paintings by Frieseke and Richard Miller are indeed so decorative in intention that they always suggest a purely decorative end, as if their destined place was to be, not enclosed as pictures in frames, but set as panels in the wall. However, neither artist is now exhibiting work that he has not himself surpassed. In Miller's Far Away Thoughts the light, drifting through the leaves over a balcony where a woman sits in a low rocking-chair, holding a guitar, has not the usual gayety and play of sunshine which is the charm of his work; nor has the woman the usual splendor, flamboyancy even, which it delights him to give; the whole effect is, for the subject, a trifle dull, almost as if the painter were wearying of a theme that has for long enthralled him. In Frieseke's Peignoir Rose, there is the expected delicacy in the treatment, the expected daintiness and balance in the color scheme, the expected harmony in the arrangement of rose—rose in the curtain, rose in the gown, rose in the coral of necklace and earrings, touches of rose in the dark flowered pattern of the chair covering. But the woman who wears the gown and coral, who sits in the flowered chair against the curtain, is more shadowy than Frieseke's shadowy women usually are, the color scheme is fainter and more evanescent. And yet, there is nothing else of the kind in the collection that can compare with these two paintings.

It strikes me as no less remarkable here, than in England, that the tragedy through which we are living has stirred neither painter nor sculptor. H. R. Poore, in Out of the West, presents with some swing and movement the march of men in khaki through a hilly country. But this is the only noteworthy reminder that we are deep in the most horrible war of all time. It may be because we are so moved, and the art of our own day remains apparently so unmoved, that the exhibition is disappointing.

Music

American Operas

By HENRY T. FINCK

IT is a singular fact that while many countries have added to the world's stock of good music, only four of them have produced first-class operas: Italy, France, Germany, and Austria. Spain has her zarzuelas, but these are merely operettas, like the works of Gilbert and Sullivan in England. In Russia, it is true, there has been a great cult of native operas by Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov, but few of them have found their way into the opera houses of other countries. This being true of European countries, it is perhaps not strange that America has done so little in this line. Our foremost composer, Edward MacDowell, was not particularly interested in opera, nor would he have been likely to succeed in this field, because he was not an *al fresco* painter in tones.

Some years ago the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House decided to open its doors to American composers. So the subscribers were regaled (to use a polite word) in succession with Converse's "Pipe of Desire," Horatio Parker's "Mona," Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano," Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," and Reginald De Koven's "Canterbury Pilgrims." None of these proved a perennial. They were staged, heard, and shelved. None of them showed the abundance of melody and the theatrical instinct essential to an operatic success. Victor Herbert had previously composed an excellent opera—"Natoma"—produced by the Chicago Opera Company, which has sung it thirty-five times.

At last the Metropolitan also may claim a successful American première. Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Shanewis" is, in my opinion, the best opera ever composed (or produced) in America, with the exception of "Natoma." Both have an Indian girl for a heroine, and both, like the successful novel, "Ramona," introduce other red women and men intermingled with whites. This ought not to persuade our composers that red music is necessary for the success of an American opera; but it is interesting to note the fact. The sensation of Herbert's opera was the native "Dagger Dance." To match this, Cadman has, in his opera, a quartet of medicine men singing an aboriginal song with the accompaniment of gourd rattles. Here we have the real thing, and the audience liked it. Shanewis alone sings two melodies which, as their names suggest—"Spring Song of the Robin Woman" and "Ojibway Canoe Song"—are also aboriginal. They are Indian maize, but with more admixture of white flour. As a baker of this kind of American bread, Mr. Cadman is very clever. He made his reputation (or, rather, Lillian Nordica made it for him) with a song of this mixed character called "Land of the Sky Blue Water," and he has written others equally charming. But though a nationalist in so far as he uses American aboriginal folk music, he by no means relies on such themes entirely. In his first opera, which includes forty-seven Indian themes, he apparently did this; but in "Shanewis" there is plenty of music showing that he can stand on his own feet, for there is much original vocal melody, and the treatment of the orchestra is admirable also. Shanewis is an educated Indian girl with whom a Californian becomes infatuated. She renounces him on discovering that he is engaged to a white girl. The opportunities for fine scenic effects have not been neglected.

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Drama

Plays of Two Cities

By WILLIAM ARCHER

AFTER spending a couple of weeks in Paris last month, I returned to England with a feeling that the war had exercised an even more depressing influence on the French drama than on the British. The only piece of the slightest originality that I could discover was "Les Butors et la Finette," an allegory of the war, in which Madame Simone and M. Jean Worms declaimed with boundless energy and conviction. The play had had considerable success and was much admired in some quarters—to me it seemed to belittle the whole vast spectacle of the war, and almost to vulgarize the glory of France. There is a heroism that transcends all heroics and that ought not to be made the subject of declamation. And if "Les Butors" gave me little satisfaction, the other pieces I saw gave me less. "Compared with France," I said to myself, "England has not done so badly after all."

This self-complacent mood was, alas! short-lived. It did not survive a round of the melancholy trivialities that had been produced in my absence. Yet the list included plays by two of our leading dramatists—Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Somerset Maugham.

There are some English critics who never lose an opportunity of belittling the talent of Sir Arthur Pinero. They have eyes only for his foibles. If he chances to use a phrase that is unfamiliar to them and that strikes them as pompous, they will let that little speck, if speck it be, blind them to the merits of a great play. With this sort of criticism I have no sympathy and very little patience. I, at any rate, shall never write without respect and gratitude of the dramatist to whom we owe such admirable creations as "Trelawny of the Wells," "Iris," "Letty," "His House in Order," "Mid-Channel," and "The Thunderbolt." They have their limitations, no doubt, both intellectual and artistic; but in all the essential qualities of drama they take very high rank. Each of them has an individuality of its own that leaves an indelible imprint on the memory. Sir Arthur Pinero was one of the pioneers of the modern movement, and in specifically dramatic power he still stands easily first among British playwrights.

But it is perhaps easier in the drama than in any other art to make an unqualified blunder. A theme which at first sight seemed promising will often "pan out" most disappointingly; but one has in the meantime worked at it until one has lost all freshness of perception. One cannot get far enough away from it to see it as it really is. Something of this sort, I imagine, must have happened to Sir Arthur Pinero in the case of "The Freaks." It tells a story which we cannot believe, and—what is worse—do not want to believe. Its characters are either shadowy or overdrawn. It never moves and seldom amuses us. And it comes to an end which, if we cared a bit about the characters, would be unnecessarily depressing. Not often has so accomplished a dramatist produced so faulty a piece of work.

Mrs. Herrick is a wealthy widow, living, with her son and daughter, Ronald and Sheila, in a large suburban mansion. Her brother, the black sheep of the family, became a circus proprietor, and, dying, left her some money with the request that she would be kind to any of his circus-folk that might come across her path. Being a most conscientious woman, she seeks out the scattered members of her brother's troupe, finds that five of them are "resting"—that is to say, disengaged—in London, and forthwith invites them to her house. They arrive in the shape of a little procession of freaks—a Living Skeleton, a Giant, a male and a female Dwarf, and an India-Rubber Lady, possessed of the engaging accomplishment of tying herself up in knots. Their leader and mouthpiece is Mr. Horatio Tilney, the Living Skeleton, who, by the way, has not the smallest claim to that title. The Giant is a weak, ineffectual creature, as giants are apt to be, who is good enough to spare the dramatist some technical difficulties by presently falling ill and remaining invisible during the second and third acts. The Dwarfs are an excessively tedious couple, who speak an elaborate jargon represented as being American. The Human Knot, Miss Rosa Balmano, is a personable young female, whose dialect out-Whitechapels Whitechapel. They are supposed to be, beneath their outward eccentricities, a fundamentally amiable little party, for whom our cordial sympathies are invited.

But the whole situation is so artificial and strained that our sympathies fail to respond. We feel that Mrs. Herrick could well carry out her brother's injunction without transplanting the freaks into an environment in which they are painfully out of place. If we sympathize with any one, it is rather with Mrs. Herrick's (otherwise intolerable) sister and brother-in-law, who protest against an arrangement which seems specially devised to secure the maximum of possible embarrassment and discomfort. But the Herrick family has an hereditary bias towards the "profession," for it presently appears that Ronald has fallen madly in love with the Human Knot and Sheila with the Living Skeleton! There is, of course, nothing repulsive in these affections, for the Skeleton is a quite well-developed young man, and the Human Knot, when untied, has nothing abnormal about her but her vulgarity. But this merely means that, so far as Tilney and Miss Balmano are concerned, the play belies its title. They are not really freaks at all, and the question at issue is simply whether Ronald and Sheila (two utterly improbable young people) are to be allowed to make obviously foolish and unsuitable marriages. In so trivial a question it is impossible to take any real interest; and when Tilney has the sense to see that it won't do, and to carry his comrades off to America, we cannot work up the slightest emotion over the thwarting of love's young dream. If we took any interest in the characters, we might suggest a distinction between the two cases; for Tilney has the makings of a gentleman, whereas it is hard to discover in Miss Balmano any of the ingredients of a lady. But in truth the whole

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quartet is so unreal that we can neither desire their happiness nor compassionate their woes.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Love in a Cottage," with which Miss Marie Löhr has opened her management at the Globe Theatre, is an agreeable enough little play, but utterly sketchy and lacking in substance. When we first encounter the heroine, Sybil Bruce, she is acting as nurse to the odious wife of a melancholy millionaire, Owen Butterfield by name, whose kindness induces her to bear with the capricious tyranny of her patient. Rumor has it that Nurse Bruce is in fact a married woman separated from her husband; and this rumor is confirmed when the news arrives that her husband is dead and has left her a life interest in his huge fortune. She forfeits her income, however, if she marries again; wherefore she refuses to become the wife of Dr. Bell, Mrs. Butterfield's medical attendant, who is chivalrously devoted to her. The attractions of riches are too strong for her, and she goes off to Paris to have her fling. In the third act, after the lapse of a year, we find her giving a costume ball, at which Royalty is to be present. Just as the advent of "the King" is announced, she receives a telegram from Dr. Bell begging her, if she would save a life, to come instantly to Como, where he is still in attendance on the Butterfield family. Leaving her guests, crowned and uncrowned, to look after themselves, she takes the night express for Italy. She arrives at Como in time to have a brief conversation with Mr. Butterfield, before he goes off and shoots himself; whereupon she falls into the arms of Dr. Bell, declares that la vie Parisienne has no longer any attractions for her, and that she will henceforth be content with Love in a Cottage.

I need scarcely insist on the excessive tenuity of this theme. Mr. Maugham apparently trusted to the character of Butterfield, and to the relation between him and Sybil, to lend it interest. But Butterfield, in fact, is no character at all. We see that he is melancholy, but no anatomy of his melancholy is vouchsafed us. Dr. Bell, who is by way of being a very plain-spoken young man, tells him that he is a failure and that despair is gnawing at his heart, to both of which propositions he moodily assents; but why and in what sense he is a failure, neither he nor his medical mentor is ever kind enough to explain. Some millionaires, no doubt, are subject to low spirits, but others are understood to bear up under the affliction of wealth with tolerable cheerfulness. The mere fact of having amassed a large fortune does not make a man a failure; but in the case of Mr. Butterfield no other reason is alleged. As for his extremely inconsiderate conduct in going off and shooting himself just as his favorite Sybil has arrived to cheer him up, it is wholly unexplained and seemingly inconsistent with such character as he can be said to possess. Mr. Maugham, in short, has not put enough thought into his work. The play has all the air of a hasty improvisation.

The Stage Society gave us last week an opportunity of seeing on the stage D'Annunzio's strange and highly original tragedy, "The Dead City" ("Città Morta"). In spite of its repellent theme and its oppressive atmosphere, it has an uncanny fascination which one may resent, but cannot possibly deny. The air seems to be full of subtly poisonous emanations from the rifled tombs of the tragic House of Pelops, in the neighborhood of which the action passes. But the ultimate attraction of the play undoubtedly lies in its style. D'Annunzio has established a new convention. He makes his characters—modern people—talk in prose, indeed, but prose utterly unlike that of ordinary life. It is a language of the gods, rich in imagination and exquisite in color and cadence. I do not know where to look for any lovelier form of human speech; and Mr. Arthur Symons has interpreted it with admirable sympathy and skill. It was a rare pleasure to listen to the mere language, quite apart from its dramatic import. "La Gioconda," which figured in Eleonora Duse's repertory, is a still more beautiful play in the same convention, but "Città Morta" has a quality of its own.

Some rumor has perhaps crossed the Atlantic of the production in London of a play entitled "Realities," purporting to be a continuation of "Ghosts" and to be written by Henrik Ibsen. If any of your readers feel any curiosity on the subject, they may safely dismiss it from their minds. All Ibsen's dramas, except one or two wholly immature efforts written five-and-twenty years before "Ghosts," are included in the authorized editions of his works; Dr. Sigurd Ibsen has formally declared that his father had no share in any such production; and to all who knew Henrik Ibsen and his methods of work the idea is merely ridiculous.

London, March 5

Finance

The Market and the Battle

FROM the events of the past week of suspense—with a battle raging on the western front which is not only, in scope, extent, and fury, the greatest in history, but whose outcome may determine the result of the European war—two things will stand out in recollection. One is the fact that the whole community, after a day of tense apprehension and depression during Sunday, the 23d of March, changed promptly on Monday into a mood of quiet confidence — not shaken by Hindenburg's continued forward movement. The other was that the Stock Exchange, whose action reflects the balance of true financial judgment at such times as this, which had ended the previous week with the market falling rapidly, and which had to face on Monday morning the selling orders sent in during Sunday's discouragement, turned about after ten minutes of declining prices and advanced during the rest of the week, the whole market participating. The London market moved in precisely the same manner.

What had happened to change the judgment of the whole community overnight? It is not possible to answer the question conclusively. One obvious explanation is that the character of Sunday's cables regarding the British army's withdrawal had been an extremely uncomfortable reminder of the early days of August, 1914. Undoubtedly very many Americans and Englishmen would not have been wholly surprised if they had read in Monday's morning paper that the English and French armies were in full retreat towards Paris.

But Monday morning's papers told something altogether different. The English had withdrawn from their front defences, but only to form a second line of battle, from which immense losses were inflicted on the enemy, with the advance of the German army arrested and its troops thrown back before they had reached their immediate objective. A second and equally probable explanation was that whereas

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on Sunday no information came forward as to the purposes of the Allied commanders, on Monday it was at once made evident that they proposed to fight the battle out. This information was followed, with increasing particularity, by assurances that a powerful reserve army was in existence behind the Allied lines, had not yet been called on, but would be utilized at the strategic moment. This quickened the imagination of people who remembered what was accomplished in September, 1914, by the hastily mobilized and hastily equipped "army of manœuvre" which was brought to the Marne battlefield in the motor buses of Paris. Finally came last Friday's welcome news of the placing in supreme command of both Allied armies of the brilliant French general who really won the Battle of the Marne.

The stock market has not always moved quickly in response to news of military movements in this war, but it has never failed to reflect opinion on the course of events in a battle of the first magnitude. What would have happened on the Stock Exchange during the retreat of August and September, 1914, we do not know, because every stock exchange in the world was closed. We do know, however, that the pressure on the foreign exchange markets was abnormally violent during the retreat, and that it relaxed with spectacular suddenness after the Germans had been driven back to the Aisne.

That the Stock Exchange should foreshadow the result of these great conflicts as well as reflect those results afterward is not hard to understand. The great international bankers are by nature of the case in touch with the real impressions and intentions of governments and War Offices. Furthermore, it is worth while to remember, when appraising the value of the stock market as an indicator of opinion on events like the battle in Picardy, that on such occasions the opinion of the stock market is the one unbiassed opinion obtainable. The judgment of the best-informed military critic will inevitably be colored by the wish that fathers the thought—first, because that is human nature, and, second, because it is his duty not needlessly to dishearten the people. But the stock market, which has to deal only with realities, and whose verdict is not one man's judgment but the consensus of all financial judgment, is under no such restraint.

When the battle of Verdun was being fought, the Stock Exchange provided a considerably different picture from this week's; at precisely the parallel juncture of the battle the market was breaking heavily and apprehensively. But it was reasonable to assume that some one knew of the division of opinion at Paris, as to whether Verdun should be surrendered. During last year's temporarily successful attack on the English army on the Somme, the stock markets merely hung fire; they at no time displayed great confidence and enthusiasm. It is conceivable that the doubts and obstacles, arising after Hindenburg's successful withdrawal unopposed, were reflected in that attitude.

No information comes as to what the Berlin stock market is doing. It is a much-restricted market. Had it been allowed free play during the last ten days, one might at least imagine a tempestuous advance on Saturday and Monday, while the Kaiser and Hindenburg were advertising that the victory was already won, and a fall in prices afterward, accelerated by the German newspapers' warning to their readers this week not to be overconfident and by Ludendorff's declaration that even if there had been a German victory, "nobody can foresee what will result from it."

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Summary of the News

THE great battle of Picardy, at the time of writing, has lasted twelve days. After the fall of Bapaume, Nesle, and Guiscard on March 25, the British pivot held firmly at Arras, but in the south the French were compelled to fall back, giving up Noyon. At the end of the first week the Germans had advanced thirty miles, and were exercising pressure at both ends of the line. A new attack was made east of Arras, and the French were driven out of Montdidier, while the greatest power of the German offensive was directed against the southwest angle of the vast battlefield. On Friday, March 29, the Germans began a new attack on a front of thirty-eight miles, continuing it with the greatest vigor on Saturday and Sunday. The Allies retreated along the Avre River and west and south of Montdidier, with sanguinary fighting along the whole line. At present the Germans are six miles from the main railway from Amiens to Paris, and ten miles from Amiens itself, which is now being bombarded. On Sunday the drive had been stemmed, and the enemy lost some ground in the north and towards Amiens. In the south, after two days' fighting, the Germans were thrown back between Moreuil and Lassigny. North of the Somme, German attacks have ceased for the present, and the British have recaptured Teuchy, east of Arras. The Germans are reported to be digging themselves in in the vicinity of Albert and at Lassigny, and it is believed that Hindenburg is bringing up his heavy artillery and fresh reinforcements to renew the offensive with greater vigor. Austro-Hungarian and Bulgarian troops are fighting on the Franco-British front with the Germans, and French, British, American, and Portuguese forces are on the defensive.

GEN. VON LUDENDORFF, the strategist of the German General Staff, has announced that the great battle now raging has succeeded in changing the character of the war from one of position to one of general movement, although the attacking forces had everything against them, and the defenders everything in their favor. An estimate of the general situation at the present moment, then, must recognize that the Germans have gained a certain amount of territory and have come nearer to Paris; but they have not succeeded in breaking through, nor in capturing the British army, and their losses in men have greatly exceeded those of the Allies, both relatively and actually. The balance, then, at the present has not appreciably improved the situation of the Central Powers.

THE appointment of Gen. Ferdinand Foch as commander-in-chief of the Allied forces in France—a direct result of the needs of the moment on this front—gives to the Allies the same advantage of a unified central army command that has long been possessed by the Central Powers. At the Inter-Allied Conference at Versailles such a plan was advised, and preparations were made for a contingency such as the present. Foch, as commander of the Allied strategic reserve forces, controls the entire plan of battle. While Gen. Haig on the British front and Gen. Pétain on the French line have been fighting a delaying battle, the appointment of Gen. Foch seems to indicate that the crisis of the present battle and the counter-offensive are at hand. As Gen. Foch is credited with having saved the battle of the Yser for the British, and for the stiffening of Italian resistance after the disastrous Italian retreat last year, there is much elation in America over his appointment.

THE famous "mystery" gun, that has been bombarding Paris at long range, continues to excite wonder as to its technical achievements as well as horror at the results brought about. On Friday, March 29, one of the finest mediæval churches in Paris was struck, and seventy-seven of the worshippers were killed. The bombardment continued through Monday, April 1, but no unexploded shell has as yet been found, so that conclusions as to technical details are still indefinite.

MAN power is so imperatively needed on the western front that Gen. Pershing's offer to turn over to the Allies all American troops in France has been officially accepted with enthusiasm by the French Government. One hundred thousand Americans, fully equipped and trained, are thus made available to strengthen the British and French lines, and activity in all branches of the American Expeditionary Forces suggests that they are soon to be used. Premier Lloyd George has made an appeal to the Dominion of Canada and other British dominions and colonies for more men, announcing that the struggle is only in its opening stages. The Premier is proposing to ask Parliament to authorize the raising of fresh forces, and some of the British newspapers are advocating extending the age of service to forty-five and fifty. Conscription in Ireland is another measure that is being urged by the London *Telegraph* and other newspapers. Russian subjects in England have been summoned for service, although previously an order had been passed suspending the summoning of such Russians to the British army.

MEANWHILE, military service in Quebec is being resisted, and the disturbances have assumed alarming proportions. In the anti-conscription riots on Sunday a crowd of 10,000, threatening to free anti-conscriptionists who had been arrested, was dispersed by cavalry charges. Hardware stores handling firearms and ammunitions were pillaged, and efforts were made to set fire to other shops. The crowd was quieted only after the Nationalist leader, Armand Lavergne, declared that the troops from outside the city would be removed, and that the Conscription act would be applied in a proper manner.

RUSSIA and the Ukraine are reported to have risen against German dominance, and the Bolsheviki with the aid of the Black Sea Fleet have recaptured Odessa. The German demand that 85 per cent. of the Ukrainian grain supplies be handed over to the Central Powers seems to have caused the Rada to form plans for political federation with northern Russia for purposes of resistance. The Bolsheviki have also been completely successful against Gen. Korniloff, who allied himself with the Don Cossacks, and their fighting spirit seems to be growing stronger. Universal compulsory military service is to be inaugurated, and the Bol-

(Continued on next page.)

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(Continued from preceding page.)

shevist Government is reported to be organizing an army of 300,000 men in order to resist internal attacks.

IN Palestine Gen. Allenby is continuing his advance northeast from Jerusalem in order to isolate Turkish forces operating at Medina as well as to threaten the flank of the Turkish-Syrian army facing him from Jerusalem to the sea. The British have crossed the Jordan and captured Es-Salt, thirty-five miles northeast of Jerusalem, while on the Euphrates, northwest of Hit, they have seized Khan Bagdadieh and captured 3,000 prisoners.

ON the Italian front an Austro-German attack is threatening, and artillery fighting of unusual violence, extensive trench raids, and frequent patrol attacks have occurred along the whole front. Activity in the air has also been increasing here.

THE submarine during the week ending March 27 sank twenty-eight British vessels, sixteen over 1,600 tons; eight Italian ships, three of these large; six French ships, and two Spanish. Among the larger ships sunk was the American steamship Chattahoochee, of 5,088 tons, formerly the Hamburg-American liner Sachsen.

IN addition to seizing 1,000,000 tons of Dutch shipping in order to make up for submarine losses in tonnage, the Allies during the past week have made arrangements with Japan for securing additional tonnage. Negotiations for the transfer of 100,000 tons of Japanese shipping to the United States have been consummated on the basis that the United States gives two tons of steel plates for one ton of dead-weight ship capacity. All of the Japanese ships acquired are modern, fast vessels, suitable for transatlantic traffic, and twelve of these are to be in service by September.

THE third Liberty Loan will start on April 6, and will be for three billion dollars at 4¼ per cent. It will differ from the two preceding Liberty Loans in that the conversion privilege to later loans at a higher rate of interest is eliminated. Instead, a sinking fund of 5 per cent. annually, to operate during the war and for one year thereafter, is to be provided for. The small amount of the loan is due to the fact that a fourth loan is announced for the fall.

LABOR news of international importance is reported in the announcement that President Wilson has interceded with the Governor of California, asking for executive clemency for Thomas J. Mooney, now under death sentence, and in the refusal of the British Seamen's and Firemen's Union to man vessels on which representatives of the Inter-Allied Labor Conference were to sail for America.

DAYLIGHT saving was established in the United States on March 31 at 2 A. M., when it was officially ordered that all clocks be set forward one hour. This saving in light and fuel is to continue until the autumn, when the clocks will be set back one hour.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY, the famous French composer, whose opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," as well as his songs and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," made him known throughout the world, died in Paris on March 26 in his fifty-sixth year.

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Two Sections Section II

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SPECIAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

The Art of the Netherlands

Von Eyck bis Bruegel. By Max J. Friedländer. Berlin: Verlag Julius Bard.

UNTIL recently we had not seen a copy of this work, although published some months ago. Owing to the increasing years of Mr. Weale, whose death at a great age we recently announced, it was to Dr. Friedländer that we had come to look for an exhaustive study of the art of the Netherlands. Unfortunately, our author has been content to run through his extensive notes and photographs and write short, if informing, chapters on the majority of the outstanding painters of the period selected. But a writer of authority should no longer be satisfied with the time-honored, and quite misleading, convention of plunging his readers into the art of the Van Eycks without preliminary inquiry into Mosan art—the æsthetic activities of people living on the banks of the Meuse—and the half-century or more of pre-Eyckian painters. The art of the Van Eycks has in fact been studied at such length during the last few years that there is little more to add just yet. Their art was so accomplished that they must have had innumerable predecessors of high merit. Indeed, a certain number of primitives have survived down to our own time. The present work can hardly be said to have been planned on the generous scale that the subject demanded. Instead we are provided with a superficial, if highly technical, survey scaled down to 190 pages and 32 illustrations and unprovided with an index. We find no reference to the Claeisens family, and other even humbler painters, who occupied the intermittent attention of Mr. Weale towards the end of his life. We could have hoped for information, if only documentary, regarding such artists as Pierre Coustou and numerous others who are known to have worked at the court of Charles the Bold, in connection with the *entremetz* occasioned by his accession and marriage (Laborde's "Ducs de Bourgogne" and the writings of Pinchart abound in examples). Even more remarkable is the omission of Albert Bouts, Herri met de Bles, Bernard van Orley, the Master of the Lucy Legend, and numerous others from a critical inquiry which extends as late as Pieter Bruegel, *circa* 1560. Mention is not even made of other members of the Bruegel family; we are thus hurried along towards the pre-Rubens period before we fully realize the changes that have contributed to it. Possibly military activities supervened at an inconvenient moment! Otherwise, surely, countless other painters would have been *enrégimenté sous un numéro.*

In his short chapter on John van Eyck the author resists the temptation of dealing with the vast number of Eyckian problems. And, apart from Hubert's coöperation on the polyptych at Ghent, no other picture is "listed" by Dr. Friedländer as being from his hand. Thus, in spite of the views put forward in recent years and generally accepted, our author now reverts to the past in assigning the Three Marys of the collection of Sir Francis Cook at Richmond-on-Thames to John. He contends that that panel is closely related to the much discussed miniatures and is an early work. It is surprising to see as many as eight pictures in the Berlin gallery "listed" as coming from the hand of John van Eyck. Of these it is not easy to accept the Madonna in a Church, the Crucifixion, or the Sacred Face. Nor do we forget that Dr. von Bode, our author's predecessor, many years ago asserted that this Sacred Face was "the least precious of John's works." In much the same way we have always regarded the Berlin Museum's estimate of the number of Verrocchio's works in its possession as far too generous.

It will be surprising to some to find as many as twenty pictures assigned to Petrus Christus, by whom seven are here shown to be signed, while five are dated between 1446 and 1457. Among the four at Berlin is, of course, the Madonna with St. Barbara and a Carthusian, which was sold out of the Marquis of Exeter's collection, at Burghley, at Christie's for £2,625 as a Van Eyck. We have long ago come to regard the St. Anthony and a Donor at Copenhagen as the work of Petrus Christus, and not Van Eyck. It will be remembered that that picture, owing to its having been originally the dexter panel of a triptych, was long placed in the same frame as a religious painting by Van Dyck which had once formed a sinister wing! The justaposition of works so different in technique and date has often been commented on. Far less known is the Carthusian in the collection of the Marquis de Dos Aguas at Valencia, here illustrated.

A considerable number of works are given to Rogier van der Weyden. Among them is the Last Judgment at Beaune, which has been variously attributed. Indeed, one writer on that delightful city many years ago, after quoting the contradictory opinions of various writers on its only picture, pleasantly concluded with the remark that "l'avenir dira qui a raison"! Among those now placed very early in the artist's activity are a Madonna at Vienna, two wings at Turin, and an exceedingly small Enthroned Madonna, measuring only about six inches by four, in the collection of Lord Northbrook. A little later comes the Visitation in the collection of Baron Speck von Sternburg at Lützschena, which, by the way, seems to have afforded the inspiration for a quite inferior work now in private possession in New York. The small triptych by Rogier which formerly figured in the collection of Lady Theodora Guest at Templecombe under the name of Memlinc, now in the Louvre, is so briefly disposed of that we are not reminded that it was first published (and that with considerable critical acumen) by Mr. Weale some forty years ago in the *Beffroi.* We find in this book no mention of that very important and long extinct Bruges publication, nor does there seem to be a copy of any volume of it in any New York library. An aggregate of 50 panels and can-

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vases are now credited to Rogier, but the details as to their present whereabouts are not quite up to date. Thus the Man's Portrait has passed from the possession of M. Léon Cardon at Brussels into a private collection in New York. Again, the Leonello d'Este long ago left the house of Sir Edgar Speyer in London and more recently was acquired by a New York dealer. We do not recognize the identity of the "Male Portrait" in the Bulver (*sic*) collection in London. Space forbids our detailed comment on the works of other painters, but we note that Dirk Bouts's well-known works, originally painted for a chapel in St. Peter's Church at Louvain, are here said to be still *in situ* in spite of the foul destruction of that city by German soldiers three years ago. As many as ninety paintings are assigned to Memlinc, whose Portrait of a Man was not sufficiently esteemed while the property of Lord Wemyss. It is here said to be in the Dun (*sic*) collection in London, but was several months ago added to a private collection in New York.

Perhaps the significance of the present undertaking will be held to lie in the supplementary "lists" of works which are characterized by sound scholarly research. But we cannot resist the opinion that they are primarily intended for universal acceptation, in the compelling German sense of the term, as authoritative. While fully appreciating the high merit of certain parts of the book, the present writer cannot help thinking that the withholding of some of the material has been intentional. It is to be hoped that Sir Martin Conway, who has long been occupied in rewriting his book on early German and Flemish painting, will work out his problems with a wider outlook and in greater detail.

In conclusion we note with satisfaction that Dr. Friedländer accepts twenty of the paintings of this school in the magnificent bequest made by Mr. John J. Johnson to the city of Philadelphia, while only nine more are in the London National Gallery.

Shakespeare and the Pirates

Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates and the Problems of the Transmission of his Text. By Alfred W. Pollard. London: Alexander Moring, Ltd.

THE first part of this title may excite visions of those sea marauders who, although not infrequent on the pages of the Elizabethan dramatists, are encountered by readers of Shakespeare only in "Pericles." The second part of the title will assure the reader that the fight attributed to Shakespeare was made in defence of his text and not of his person.

Mr. Pollard argues that it is unnecessary to assume that Heminge and Condell intended to bring all the seventeen plays which had been printed under the chastisement of their righteous indignation, and that they rather had in mind only the five quartos which were not regularly entered on the Stationer's Register and were rejected by the Folio editors. It should be noted, however, that the Folio editors say of "those diverse stolne and surreptitious copies," "even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes, and all the rest absolute in their members as he conceived them." This would seem to imply that the editors were denouncing all printed editions that preceded theirs and were pretending that in the other plays they drew from Shakespeare's unblotted papers.

Fortunately, Mr. Pollard's conclusions do not really rest on the accuracy or the good faith of the advertisement in the First Folio. It is from a thorough knowledge of the conditions of Elizabethan publishing as well as from a careful study of the texts themselves that he is able to support the positions: that the Quartos regularly entered on the Stationer's Register came directly from Shakespeare's company; that they are the authoritative sources for the texts of those plays; and that they may possibly in some instances have been set up from Shakespeare's own manuscript. On this last conclusion Mr. Pollard is very cautious, though he has presented some new considerations in its favor in his introduction to the facsimile of the third quarto of "Richard II."

If the pirates escape rather easily from Mr. Pollard, he pursues more sharply those who have denominated all of the quartos as piratical or surreptitious. Perhaps his zeal leads him to be a little neglectful of the manifest additions which are found in the Folio, as, for example, in "Titus Andronicus," "Richard II," and "Lear." He is also somewhat niggardly in limiting the players to a single manuscript. The demands of a large theatrical company during a long period of years would probably require several playhouse copies, which in turn underwent emendations until it might have puzzled Shakespeare as well as modern editors to say which copy was closest to his own manuscript. But the general defence of the quartos is sound, even though contrary to the claims of Heminge and Condell for their text and to the devout worship which the Folio has aroused in some editors. The volume, which is composed of four lectures given as the Sanders Reader of Bibliography at Cambridge University, will be welcomed by all bibliographers, collectors, and students of Shakespeare.

Shakespearean Playhouses

Shakespearean Playhouses. A history of English theatres from the beginnings to the Restoration. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

AMONG the many subjects of interest to students of Shakespeare the location and history of the buildings used as theatres in his day have received their share of investigation and discussion. T. F. Ordish's "Early London Theatres" (1894) is, however, the only previous attempt to give a full and detailed account of these theatres, and that book discusses only six buildings. In the twenty-four years since its publication a great many new documents have come to light, and there is a real need for this survey by Professor Adams of the seventeen regular theatres of the period 1557 to 1660, as well as of several projected or temporary structures.

The two main requirements of such a discussion are: First, that it set forth the essential and important facts with clearness and authority, and, second, that it show great accuracy in presenting the many details in which such a subject abounds. Professor Adams has met both of these requirements admirably. On the main issues, he has written with full knowledge and sound judgment, and his careful and independent examination of the original documents has enabled him to correct many minor errors that have slipped by one investigator after another. The interest of the volume is increased by many maps and illustrations and by quotations from contemporary documents and publications. Of special value is the large collection of references

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to the playhouses which the author has gathered from the plays themselves.

In October, 1909, a pictorial bronze was unveiled upon the wall of the brewery of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins & Co. on the south side of Park Street, Southwark. The tablet showed a relief of the Bankside with the Globe Theatre conspicuous in the foreground, and bore the inscription: "Here stood the Globe playhouse of Shakespeare."

In the London *Times* of October 2 and October 4 Professor C. W. Wallace described a document which he had discovered giving particulars of the lease to Burbage and others of the plot of ground on which the Globe was erected. This plot was described as abutting upon Maiden Lane (the present Park Street) "towards the south." This plainly placed the Globe not where the bronze memorial indicated, but some distance nearer to the river and north of Park Street.

But the evidence for placing the Globe south of Park Street was considerable and had been relied upon by antiquarians for a century. It was promptly urged that the lease discovered by Professor Wallace must itself be in error, and that the tablet was, if not precisely, nearly in the right spot. The arguments urged were: First, that the many existing views and maps favored the old location; second, that the lease spoke of the plot as abutting upon a piece of land called the Park, and it was clearly established that the Bishop of Winchester's Park lay to the south and not to the north of Maiden Lane; and, third, that the old theatre was on Globe Alley, which was also to the south of Maiden Lane.

As to maps and views, Vischer's View of 1616 shows the Globe where the document of 1615-16 put it, north of Maiden Lane. In other maps and views, what had been taken for the Globe was probably the Rose, and at best these views cannot be relied upon for accuracy. As to the Park, it was soon made clear that the lease did not refer to the Bishop of Winchester's Park, but to a piece of land with cottages upon it, known in Shakespeare's time as "the Park," fronting upon the Thames and forming the northern boundary of the site described in the lease. As to the Globe Alley, the objectors to Professor Wallace's lease could show that Globe Alley was marked on Rocque's plan of London, 1754, to the south of Maiden Lane, where it had probably existed since the seventeenth century. But evidence was soon forthcoming that another and earlier Globe Alley had existed in 1626 and 1637 to the north of Maiden Lane, and that this was the alley which led to Shakespeare's theatre.

The distinguished antiquaries who have blundered in the location of the Globe could scarcely have been expected to suspect that within one hundred, or possibly fifty, years the original Globe Alley could disappear and that a new Globe Alley could be established three hundred yards to the south. Yet such appears to have been the case. At all events, the evidence of the discovered lease has been substantiated, and the location of the Globe was clearly that of the old Bear Garden, and north of Maiden Lane. There seems little excuse for clinging to the old mistake, which also involved the wrong location of the Rose. The final argument for the location of the Globe, reviewing former discussions and advancing new data, was presented by Mr. George Hubbard in a paper, "On the Exact Site of the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare," published in the Translations of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society for 1912. Unfortunately, this paper did not come into the hands of Professor Adams; but his conclusions are the same as those of Mr. Hubbard.

America and Feudal Japan

The Early Diplomatic Relations between the United States and Japan, 1853–1865. By Payson Jackson Treat. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

THE decade following the epoch-making treaty signed at Yokohama in the spring of 1854 between representatives of the Governments of Japan and the United States was an intensely critical period in the history of the island empire. As it happened, the authority behind the Japanese signature was of a doubtful character. The Taikun, rendered "Emperor" in the English translations of diplomatic documents during the period, was not the imperial ruler, but merely a civil and military chief, who acted for the hereditary sovereign. Until the final ratification, in November, 1865, of Commodore Perry's and the other treaties, at Kioto, by the real Emperor, matters remained in a very doubtful condition, always hovering on the brink of war.

It says much for the political wisdom of the Japanese authorities in both the capitals, Kioto and Yedo (Tokio), that they were able to restore unity to the empire without a disastrous foreign war, and even without a deadly civil war; but credit is also due to the admirable conduct of the two representatives sent from Washington, Townsend Harris and Robert H. Pruyn. Their predecessor, Matthew Calbraith Perry, had made the best of impressions as a courteous and dignified gentleman, who carried out his instructions without bluster or arrogance. "Both Harris and Pruyn," remarks Professor Treat at the close of his book, "stood consistently for a policy of moderation and forbearance in dealing with the Japanese during those troubled years, and there could be no coöperation among the foreign Ministers unless their views were recognized. If Harris, in 1860, or Pruyn, in 1863, had joined their colleagues of England and France, war between the treaty powers and Japan would probably have occurred. . . . Americans can read the story of these days with pardonable pride. In Perry, Harris, and Pruyn they find three worthy representatives of their nation, in whose record there is scarcely a line which, after half a century, one would erase. These men laid the foundation of what has been termed the 'traditional friendship' of America and Japan."

The very fact that they were not trained diplomatists was in their favor, for the situation was a new and delicate one, to be handled without too much overmastering precedent. Townsend Harris took the position, at an early period of the negotiations, that it was a grave error to treat the Japanese Government as if it represented a civilization on a par with that of the Western world. "The Japanese," he declared, "are not a civilized but a semi-civilized people, and the condition of affairs in this country is quite analogous to that of Europe during the middle ages. To demand, therefore, of the Japanese Government the same observances, the same prompt administration of justice, as is found in civilized lands, is simply to demand the impossible." Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British envoy, finally adopted this view. An able and conscientious man, he yet seems to have been hampered rather than helped by his experiences in China, where the ruling authorities, representing a foreign domination which the great empire has recently got rid of, required a more imperative attitude. Sir Harry Parkes, who followed him, and who in a masterful way finally secured the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado,

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remembering his Chinese experiences, was also sometimes needlessly emphatic. It is to the credit of the British Foreign Office that it constantly advised forbearance and the soothing of differences. Lord Elgin, Earl Russell, and Lord Clarendon appear consistently in a favorable, often magnanimous, light. "Time and patience," wrote Russell to the too easily irritated Alcock in 1860, "may remove many of the difficulties of which you complain. The Japanese, on their side, may well be jealous of Europeans, who insult their usages and carry away their gold. You should endeavor rather to soothe differences than to make and insist upon peremptory demands. Our intercourse is but merely begun; it should not be inaugurated by war."

The story is unfolded in a capable and interesting manner by Professor Treat, who has been able to use manuscript material hitherto unavailable, as in the case of the private correspondence of Hon. Robert H. Pruyn. It is hardly right, however, to state (page 342) that "two young Choshiu samurai returned from England (where they had been sent by their daimyo to be educated), who became among the greatest of Japanese statesmen, Ito and Inouye, then young samurai of the bitterly hostile Choshiu clan." Rather did they slip away as spies—with the connivance of their lord, no doubt—a modern Caleb and Joshua, to view the land that was the home of that resistless naval Power before which Japan was helpless. The policy of sending abroad bright youths to the Occident to be educated was a later development.

The Vespucci Problem

Vespucci Reprints, Texts and Studies: Vol. II, The Soderini Letter 1504 in Facsimile, 75 cents; Vol. IV, The Soderini Letter in Translation, $1.25; Vol. V, the Novus Mundus in Translation, 75 cents; Vol. VI, Paesi Novamente Retrovati and Novo Mondo 1508 in Facsimile, $2; Vol. VII, Sensuyt le Nouveau Monde 1515 in Facsimile, $2. Princeton University Press.

THROUGH the generosity of an alumnus, Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, Princeton University acquired from the Hoe library eight tracts relating to Vespucci; in this gift originates the Princeton series known as the Vespucci Reprints, Texts and Studies, of which five volumes attractively printed and bound are before us, with more to follow.

Vespucci professed to have made four voyages to the New World between 1497 and 1503, two for Ferdinand of Spain, two for Emmanuel of Portugal. The authority for these four voyages is Vespucci himself, in letters which he wrote in and after the year 1504 describing his journeys. The original letters have been lost, nor is it even definitely known in what language they were written, while the many versions that have come down to us have suffered at the hands of copyists, translators, printers, and editors. Vespucci said in 1504 that he had written a little book then unpublished, to be called "Four Voyages," in which he had described more fully all that he had done and seen. This book has never been found, although some authorities believe that extracts from it were used in the compilation of the book published at St. Dié in the Vosges in 1507, known as the "Cosmographiæ Introductio" of Hylocomylus, from the great vogue of which it is presumed that Amerigo's name was given to the New World. It is known that the letters were also used in this compilation; consequently it can be said that the letters constitute the sole source of Vespucci's fame, his obscurity being only relieved by his own words.

The more important of the letters is the so-called Soderini letter written in 1504, which was apparently sent by Vespucci to his old friend and fellow-student in Florence, Piero Soderini, Gonfaloniere of that city, describing all four voyages. After his return from the third voyage of 1501, the first for Portugal, to the coast of South America, he wrote an account of it addressed to his former patron or employer, Lorenzo Pietro Francesco di Medici, the cousin of Lorenzo the Magnificent; in this letter he proposed to designate the land as a *novum mundum*. The letter is known as the Medici or *Novus Mundus* letter. If the Soderini letter is accepted, then the first voyage, undertaken in 1497, says Vespucci, entitled him to the glory of discovering the continent before either Columbus or the Cabots, and upon this voyage all contemporary history is silent. There the quarrel began in 1515, three years after Vespucci's death, with Sebastian Cabot questioning the authenticity of the voyage of 1497. The *Novus Mundus* letter would show Vespucci to have realized that a New World and not Asia had been found. Vespucci has ever since been accused as a forger, an impostor, a charlatan, an ingrate to Columbus, and so on. He has been defended on grounds equally well taken that not he but others erred in the dates, that he had no share in a conscious deception, nor in the naming of a continent to which his name may or may not have had a right. An imposing bibliography has gradually appeared on this maze of confusion.

Much of the difficulty is due to the loss of the original letters, and to the variations in the printed copies which appeared in several languages after 1504. The Soderini letter was first printed in Italian in Florence shortly after it was written, at a date undetermined and the subject of a minor controversy. Five copies of this printing are known, one of which, a little book of 32 pages in Roman type with five woodcuts, is now in the Princeton library. It is beautifully reproduced in facsimile in Volume II of the series under review, the first volume to appear. Quaritch reproduced this very copy in photographic facsimile, fittingly in the year 1893, with a translation, an American edition of which appeared the same year, but it is now universally available for the first time at small cost.

The extraordinarily rare print of 1504 of the Medici or *Novus Mundus* letter now owned by Princeton is not yet published in facsimile, but is promised for the future with facsimiles of all other Latin editions available for reproduction, accompanied by critical bibliographical comment by Mr. Winship of the library of Harvard University.

Volume V of the series is a pleasing translation without notes of the *Novus Mundus* letter, made by Mr. Northup from the rare copy at Princeton, of which the facsimile is yet to appear in Mr. Winship's volume. It is a pity that our faith in it is less strong than it would have been had we been told in a note why the generally accepted reading of the Latin colophon "Magister Johannes Otmar: vindelice impressit Auguste Anno millesimo quingentesimo quarto" is translated "Master John Otmar, Vienna, printer, August 1504." Does the translator throw aside the Augsburg tradition without a word? Was John Otmar at work in Vienna and Augsburg too in this year? Has a new twist here been given to this ancient quarrel?

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Theophrastus

Theophrastus and the Greek Physiological Psychology before Aristotle. By George Malcolm Stratton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE psychology of Plato and Aristotle is, in respect of the fundamental problems, more nearly on the level of the best thought of to-day than an impatient reader can be brought to believe. The main interest of Aristotle's "De Anima" in particular is that it reveals a keen intelligence striving to solve these problems by sheer force of observation and analysis and in ignorance of the true physiology of the senses and the anatomy and functions of the nervous system. Most instructive is the reasoning by which he concludes that the flesh itself is not the organ of sense perception, and that the instrument that apprehends the tangible is within.

The little treatise on the senses of Aristotle's pupil, Theophrastus, is the chief source of our knowledge of earlier Greek speculations about the physiology of the senses and all that later came to be known as empirical psychology and is now, Professor Stratton assures us, designated simply as psychology. With access to a good library one could study this treatise well enough in Diel's "Pre-Socratics" and "Doxography," Burnet's "Early Greek Philosophy," Beare's "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition," and the Didot edition of Theophrastus with Latin translation. But we do not all work in large libraries, and Professor Stratton's edition of the Greek text with translation, introduction, and commentary will be a great convenience. The task required a psychologist doubled with a philologian, and there are few if any such. Professor Stratton as a professional psychologist apprehends or divines the psychological problems and illustrates them aptly. His translation, with a few exceptions too technical for present discussion, is substantially correct. But he has not quite the expert's feeling for the shades of Greek synonyms and niceties of idiom, nor the needful acquaintance with the passages of Plato and Aristotle that sometimes determine Theophrastus's phrasing. These deficiencies are very imperfectly supplied by the notes of Professor Taylor which he has incorporated rather than fused in his commentary.

One typical illustration of the kind of thing thus overlooked must suffice. Homer describes a hero fainting under a knock-out blow as thinking of other things, *allophroneōn.* Fick, it is true, says that this is a false etymology, and that the word really means distraught or knocked silly. But the ancients took it to be Homer's little way of saying that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Even Aristotle felt the humor and gravely cites the expression in illustration of the theory that error is allodoxy, and that the mind always thinks. The funniest performance, the *ne plus ultra* of modern Homeric criticism, is Cauer's comment: "da ist schwer verständlich, wie der Unglückliche . . . noch Musse finden soll 'an anderes zu denken.'" Theophrastus, following Aristotle, alludes to the passage. Democritus, he says, regards thought as a right proportion in the mixture of the soul. Excessive heat or cold alters the thought. For which reason also, he said, the ancients rightly conceive that this is or there is a thinking of other things. Professor Stratton's notes are silent, and he translates: "And it was for some such reason the ancients well believed that the mind became deranged." But the neglect of such refinements will not trouble the general reader and student of philosophy who will find in Professor Stratton's translation a sufficient account of the guesses and speculations of Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, and Democritus about the processes of sense perception, and in his well-written introduction a clear summary and critical estimate of these theories. Especially to be commended in a twentieth-century professor and the author of a book on Experimental Psychology and Culture are the breadth and candor of the statement that Theophrastus's criticisms "remove from our mind any lingering sense that the futility, the childishness, of much of this scientific speculation was never felt until the dawn of modern science."

Babylonian Copybooks

The Temple School of Nippur. List of Personal Names from the Temple School of Nippur. Two volumes. Publications of the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia.

DR. EDWARD CHIERA, who made his début as an Assyriologist by the publication of legal and commercial documents from the Sumerian period, has followed this up by two important volumes of texts from the Temple School of Nippur, containing lists of Sumerian and Akkadian proper names.

The writing material used in the temple schools was clay, on which the entire literature of Babylonia and Assyria has been preserved. Dr. Chiera has shown that, very much as in modern times, "copybooks" were prepared of this material, on the left side of which the teacher wrote in a model script the exercises for the pupil to copy on the right. It is interesting to compare in this way the writing of the expert and the tyro. In order not to waste material, the soft clay tablet was rolled into a ball after being used and pressed out on a flat surface to be ready for further exercises. Traces of the former exercise often appear in this way beneath the latter. These texts thus furnish the earliest example known of a "palimpsest." It was also customary for the teacher to cut off the portion of the exercise which he wrote, so that it might serve in its turn as a model for other pupils.

Even more interesting than this tendency towards "conserving" the writing material is the system followed in the arrangement of the names, the most striking feature of which is the grouping in threes. Dr. Chiera has shown that the three names thus grouped together were regarded by the scribes as belonging to the same class. They either have an important element in common or they have the same ending or they express the same general idea. Thus, in the case of a name having as one of its elements the Moon-god Sin, he would group together three names conveying the idea of Sin-is-the-shepherd, Sin-is-merciful, Sin-is-his-helper. Or, to give another example, the scribe would group together three names containing the element Nur, signifying light in common. In this way he would produce the group Light-of-god, Light-of-my-god, Light-of-his-god.

By thus piecing together hundreds of fragments containing many duplicates, Dr. Chiera has succeeded in reconstructing the larger part of the syllabary or dictionary, as we may call it, of Sumerian and Akkadian proper names compiled by scribes in the Euphrates Valley thousands of years ago for the benefit of the pupils in the temple schools.

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An idea of the extent of this "dictionary" may be gathered from the circumstances that it contained over a thousand names. Dr. Chiera has added greatly to the value of his dictionary by giving us, in addition to the text, a complete list of the names read by him, together with an interpretation in such cases where it is possible to offer it. In most cases, Dr. Chiera's interpretations are correct, and it should also be mentioned to his credit that he does not hesitate to use interrogation points liberally in order to indicate doubtful interpretations, since it is quite impossible in the case of many names to be certain of their meaning. The names throw considerable light on the religious ideas and occasionally even on the social conditions prevailing in early days. It is instructive to find among the names such as reflect the pious disposition of those who gave them to their offspring: Look-Oh-Enlil, Look-Oh-Lord, Be-favorable-to-me, Anu-is-king, May-Dada-give-thee-life, We-have-a-brother (a name given in gratitude for the birth of a son). A name forming a direct parallel to Jerusalem is found in this Babylonian syllabary under the form Uru-silim, "The city of peace," grouped together with two other names, "The city of my peace."

The most important feature of the second volume of Dr. Chiera's publication is a long list of Amoritic names which he has been fortunate enough to find among the tablets of the University Museum. The scribes or teachers evidently distinguished these names from native ones, and, therefore, grouped them together. Through certain indices the foreign character of the names can be clearly distinguished, and there is no doubt that Dr. Chiera has proved his thesis, that the names in question are Amoritic, which means that they represent individuals or descendants of individuals who immigrated into Babylonia from northern Syria. The large number of these foreign names shows the extent to which immigration had probably gone on for many centuries. The lists published by Dr. Chiera furnish over three hundred Amoritic names, and with the help of these names a considerable part of the Amoritish dictionary can now be reconstructed, at least to the extent of determining the exact character of the Amoritic language as belonging to the Aramaic branch of the Semitic group. These names constitute in fact our sole source for a knowledge of the Amoritic language. This feature of Dr. Chiera's volume is sufficient in itself to stamp it as a production of the very first value. It bears directly on a thesis first brought forward by Professor Clay, of Yale University—namely, that an important part was taken by Amorites in the civilization of the Euphrates Valley.

A special word of commendation should be added for the splendid autograph copies of the text. This is, of course, a most important and vital feature in Cuneiform texts. There are few copyists at the present time who have as firm and clear a hand as Dr. Chiera, whose copies are models of neatness combined with great accuracy. Perhaps one criticism that might be raised is that at times he is inclined to go too far in reproducing the detailed *ductus* of the characters. In this respect, however, his present volumes are an improvement upon his former one, for in many cases he has evidently recognized that it is not necessary to reproduce every peculiarity of every scribe. It is a real pleasure to handle these texts, which inspire one with the greatest confidence in Dr. Chiera's skill in copying these exceedingly difficult tablets and also in his conscientiousness in reproducing them accurately.

Burial Jars in Crete

The Cemetery of Pachyammos, Crete. By Richard B. Seager. University of Pennsylvania, The University Museum, Anthropological Publications, Vol. VII, No. 1. Published by the University Museum, Philadelphia.

IN an excavator's life the unexpected always plays an important rôle. The most promising sites often prove to be barren, while where one least expects it a fruitful field appears. It was such an accidental happening which led to the discovery of the cemetery of Pachyammos in Crete, which is described in Mr. Seager's monograph. Mr. Seager recounts the circumstances thus:

> In October, 1913, the northern villages of the Isthmus suffered severely from one of the torrential rains which sometimes visit the island of Crete. . . . In the hamlet of Pachyammos . . . the water rose to the height of a metre in the low-lying houses, and only by tearing down a long piece of wall between the two village inns were the houses saved from destruction. The mass of water thus released tore its way to the sea, some 150 metres distant, leaving a broad channel twenty metres in width and a metre in depth to mark its course. When the water finally subsided it was seen that part of a Minoan cemetery of jar-burials had been brought to light in this channel. Some twelve jars were standing along the edge of the eastern bank formed by the torrent, while fragments of others strewing the ground showed that a certain number had been broken up by the rush of water.

Nobody had suspected the presence of an ancient cemetery beneath the sandy beach, and, except for the storm, it is doubtful whether it would ever have been discovered. And now that a cemetery has been found, it follows that a town must have been close by, which, when it is possible to resume excavations, will have to be located.

The cemetery of Pachyammos appears to have been in use for a long time; for the objects unearthed range in date from the Early Minoan III to the Late Minoan I period (about 2500–1500 B. C.). The finds consist chiefly of the actual burial jars, since little was discovered inside them besides the bones of the deceased. But many of these jars bore painted decorations and were evidently made not purely for cemetery use, but had formerly served as household articles. The painted decorations were surprisingly fresh and well preserved, considering their exposure to water; which was the more fortunate since some will rank among the finest known specimens of Cretan decorated pottery. Thus a jar with a decoration of dolphins swimming in the sea is one of the most picturesque representations of sea life which the Cretans have left us, while two others with designs of spirals and leaf patterns show the Cretan decorative sense at its best.

Incidentally, these discoveries give us interesting information regarding Cretan burial customs. That jars were used as coffins former discoveries had already shown; we are struck as before with the small size of the jars used (they range from forty to ninety centimetres in height). Not only must the Cretans have been a short, small-boned race, but the bodies must have been placed in a crouching position and the bones broken if necessary to get them into these vessels. The smaller vases could only have contained the bodies of children. Another striking feature was the disregard with which former burials were forced to make way for newcomers. The Minoan grave-digger was evidently not deterred by finding that he had chosen a spot occupied by a former interment; he forced his own jar in

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all the same, however much confusion he wrought among the "older inhabitants."

Mr. Seager's presentation of his subject is up to the high standard which his former publications have led us to expect. The introduction gives us in general terms the results of the excavation; while the descriptions of the objects connect them where possible with related material and place them in their chronological setting. The descriptions are accurate and adequate, and not unnecessarily detailed; while the theories advanced on various problems show the sound judgment, derived from an ability to weigh and interpret evidence, which is one of the chief requisites of a scientific excavator.

Thomas Jefferson, Architect

Thomas Jefferson, Architect. Original Designs in the Collection of Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Junior, with an Essay and Notes by Fiske Kimball. Boston: Printed for Private Distribution at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

OUR early American architecture deserves the increasing attention it is receiving from architects and scholars, not merely because of its intrinsic merit, which is often considerable, but also because of the light it throws upon the conditions, material, social, and intellectual, of that formative period of our history.

Up to the present time no more scholarly and thorough contribution has been made to this field of knowledge than the sumptuous volume under review. It is a stately folio of 205 pages of text and over 200 pages of plates, printed on heavy, hand-made paper. The text consists of an historical sketch of the Jefferson papers by Worthington C. Ford, an account of Thomas Jefferson, Architect, by Prof. Fiske Kimball, of the University of Michigan, and a minutely detailed descriptive list of the 233 drawings and documents photographically reproduced in the plates. A full index completes the volume.

Jefferson's place in the history of American architecture has been, until recent years, a subject of controversy. His name is associated with Monticello (now the home of Hon. Jefferson C. Levy), with the University of Virginia, and with the Virginia State Capitol at Richmond; but opinion was divided as to his exact share in the design and erection of these buildings. No thorough and systematic study of the question had been undertaken until the appearance of Lambeth and Manning's "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and Designer of Landscapes" (*Nation*, December 4, 1913). The somewhat uncritical and over-enthusiastic claims made in this book started a controversy in the pages of the *Journal* of the American Institute of Architects, which Professor Kimball followed up by an important paper in the *Harvard Architectural Quarterly* in June, 1914, and by "Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America," prepared originally as a dissertation for the doctorate of philosophy. These studies resulted in establishing, with what seems reasonable finality, Jefferson's place and reputation as an architect, and the importance of his influence on the architecture of the early republic.

In the present volume Mr. Kimball has continued, combined, and amplified these studies. He discusses the development of Jefferson's scholarship and technical skill as an architect through successive periods, his influence, and the books by whose aid, as well as by his keen observation during his sojourn in France, he trained himself in design. The conditions of architecture in the colonies, and especially in Virginia, are reviewed in the light of Jefferson's correspondence and other evidence, and his relations with the other early architects considered, especially Thornton and Mills, to whom he owed less than has often been contended. All the drawings available, even in scraps and scribbled notes, are carefully examined for evidence as to Jefferson's authorship, the material, water-marks, and cross-lining of the paper being taken into consideration, so that the conclusions reached are based on material evidence as well as inherent probabilities, and are confirmed by numerous references to letters and papers never before published.

Mr. Ford's review of the history of the Jefferson papers, both those in the great Coolidge collection and those in the Congressional and other libraries, is highly interesting and extremely valuable. The book as a whole so far distances all previous studies of Jefferson's architectural activities that it must take its place henceforth as the fundamental authority on its subject. Those who have collaborated in its production and publication have rendered a great service to the history of American culture.

Robert Hare

The Life of Robert Hare. By Edgar Fahs Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

ROBERT HARE was the inventor of the oxy-hydrogen or compound blow-pipe. He was born in Philadelphia in 1781 and died there in 1858. His father was a successful brewer, and the son was associated with him in this business until 1818, when he became professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

He was a man of alert and eager mind, with a passion for experiment, in which he showed extraordinary aptitude and resourceful ability. Besides the blow-pipe by which his name is chiefly remembered, his most notable contributions to science were two new types of the voltaic battery for the production of intensive heat effects, which he called "the calorimotor" and "the deflagrator." For illustrations in his lecture he made many ingenious pieces of apparatus, often constructed on an heroic scale, and he showed great facility in presenting striking demonstrations of scientific phenomena. He was a pioneer in gas analysis, and probably the first to use the mercury cathode in electrolysis. A contemporary said of him: "He read much, thought much, talked much"; it should be added: he wrote much.

When Dr. Smith published his "Chemistry in America" (*Nation*, January 7, 1915), he evidently had no thought of writing this "Life"; for in that volume is given an account of Hare to the length of fifty-six pages, including the complete text of the illustrated paper on the blow-pipe. This and several illustrations of Hare's other inventions are consequently omitted from the present volume, where they properly belong. To fill these 503 pages, many of Hare's forgotten writings are reproduced: long papers on his ideas in regard to electricity and caloric; on meteorology, with a spirited protest against the rotary theory of storms; criticisms of Berzelius's chemical nomenclature, Faraday's conclusions in his recently published "Researches," and Liebig's views on respiration and fermentation. Some of these have more or less historical interest to-day.

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An acquaintance with Benjamin Silliman, begun in 1802, when Silliman went to Philadelphia to attend Woodhouse's lectures on chemistry, led to a friendship and correspondence which continued through Hare's life. A number of the letters on both sides are given; and Dr. Smith likens "the intellectual union of Hare and Silliman" to the famous friendship and experimental partnership of Wöhler and Liebig, and says: "It is doubtful whether Hare ever failed to acquaint Silliman with his difficulties, scientific or personal"; and "upon Silliman the death of Hare produced a profound effect."

Late in his life, Hare became a believer in spiritualism, and set forth the facts which induced his conversion in a lecture in New York. "Determined to prevent the possibility of deception, I constructed . . . the *spiritoscope*." With this instrument, designed to communicate directly with the spirits without need of a medium, he professed to be able to have interviews with his father, Washington, and Franklin, who approved a recent theory of electricity of his. Unfortunately, the spiritoscope is not described. In deference to his age and reputation, Hare was permitted to read an elaborate paper on spiritualism at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, but the paper was not printed in the Transactions.

As has been indicated, this Life of Hare contains a good deal that is interesting with much that is tedious. If one-half were deleted and the rest judiciously edited, both the reader and Hare would be gainers. The paper on the blowpipe and the cuts of apparatus should certainly be included.

American Judaism

Isaac Mayer Wise, the Founder of American Judaism. A Biography. By Max B. May, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Jewish Philanthropy. By Dr. Boris D. Bogen. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.

NEXT year will mark the centenary of the founder of American Judaism, Isaac Mayer Wise. A great prophet and unwearying fighter against orthodoxy, extreme radicalism, indifference, and atheism, as he found them among his own people, Dr. Wise was also a sturdy American.

"In an antiquarian book-shop in the city of Prague," wrote Isaac Mayer Wise, "I found a collection of American-English prints, and in it a set of journals from the year 1780 to 1790. I purchased the whole and read with the heart more perhaps than with the reason. That literature made me a naturalized American in the interior of Bohemia. It inspired in me the resolution to go to America, and, against the will of my friends, I did go, and my family with me." In the light of this remarkable paragraph and of the subsequent history of Wise's life in America, one can contemplate only with regret that Dr. Wise was not permitted to comment on the fatuity of the recently enacted Burnett Immigration Restriction bill.

Rabbi Wise's outstanding achievements in the foundation of those institutions which to-day form the executive bodies of American Reform Judaism were the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Hebrew Union College, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis. The first-named organization, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, has given homogeneity to what was before a heterogeneous collection of congregations, each of which was a law unto itself. The second, the Hebrew Union College, has provided for almost two generations a training ground for men who are to serve the cause of the presentation of the undying verities of Israel's faith in accord with a wide and catholic conception of the relationship of Judaism to universal religion on the one hand, and to the needs of those born within its folds under the ægis of American democracy on the other hand; and, finally, the Conference of American Rabbis, which, with a fine catholicity, has become a consultative body of the men engaged in bringing religion to the American Jew, which so far has succeeded in avoiding the austerities of a Beth Din on the one hand and the looseness of a merely consultative body on the other hand.

Dr. Wise established American reform none the less firmly for being definitely aware of its pitfalls. His was a re-expression of emotional Judaism. His work will live because of this keynote of the philosophical conception of Judaism. In spite of its austerities of style, this book will take its rightful place as a classic in the affection of the American Jew, and will be replete with interest to every broad-minded American.

Judge May has been kind to us in leaving much of Dr. Wise's life to be written in autobiographical form, and these reminiscences are for the most part in Dr. Wise's own words. Not only is it a message for the Jew, but there is a lesson for all Americans in that its Americanization programme must commence immediately the Statue of Liberty is visualized by the immigrant, and not after he has endured the buffetings of Hoboken or New Jersey excrescences upon the body politic of American democracy.

We turn from the religious phase of Jewish reform to the social, to Dr. Bogen's pioneer volume on Jewish philanthropy. Starting with the bias of the Jew towards that conception of philanthropy which is to-day common and fundamental with every social worker of every creed who has imbibed the twentieth-century social doctrine, this higher conception of the social relationships of men permeates all Jewish philanthropic effort. The author makes a comprehensive survey of the whole gamut of modern social work, and, after a résumé in earlier chapters of its extent and scope, shows the basis upon which there has been built up the whole edifice of organized charities. He presents a panorama of the inherent difficulties in Jewish social work; its elusive quality and its failure to respond to the generally accepted scientific standards and formulæ, despite the fact that these standards find their warmest adherents among the foremost exponents of Jewish social work. Dr. Bogen, an acknowledged expert in social science, with a record of twenty-five years of experience, is himself an exemplification of the practical and idealistic which must mark the social worker in an especial degree, because of the fundamental conception of philanthropy which is his as a Jew as a heritage from the storied past, and which has continued to mark the history of the race from the earliest times down to the present.

The Hebrew word "Zedekah" means "justice," although mistranslated "charity" on many occasions through the ages. As a matter of fact, there is no Old Testament word exactly equivalent to "charity," which is at earliest a New Testament ideal. Sympathetically, but not very fully, the author deals with the special reasons why the Jews need their own institutions. But in a brief sentence he raises an important point on the whole subject of sectarianism. He says, quoting the late Dr. David Blaustein: "The Jew must

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not be allowed to become de-Judaized, but rather re-Judaized, for herein lies the hope and the promise of maintaining the positive characteristics of their individuality, the guarantee of their good citizenship." Dr. Bogen also comments wisely upon the claim that the Jew takes care of his own, pointing out the genesis of this claim and its large validity since it was first made in America. He concludes by saying that it has no justification in a democracy, a point of view well deserving serious attention.

It may be fairly said that to the Jew the modern American non-Jewish agencies owe their first impetus as to the attempt to deal with the difficult problem of transients. The Jewish charities first drew up transportation rules, and in a large measure have been successful in getting them carried out. The author's treatment of this problem is discriminating and accurate. Himself an immigrant, he, like Dr. Wise, writes with sympathy and insight on the immigration problem, especially from the Jewish point of view. He has said wise words which cannot be too often quoted: "Do not expect the immigrant to be better, however, than the average American." Not only in regard to the Jew is it important that this dictum should be strongly impressed upon the American social worker. Do we not often demand of the immigrant a standard that is not attained by our American-born citizens?

The Art of Psychography

A Naturalist of Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

MR. BRADFORD now presents us with what he considers a new kind of biography. He calls it "psychography," a description of the soul, and the resultant essay he calls a "psychograph," while the author of it is a "psycographer." He does not pretend, however, that he is the first psychographer; for he admits that Sainte-Beuve was one without knowing it. As for the title, it is taken from the author of the celebrated *Causeries*, who said of his own art: "J'analyse, j'herborise, je suis un naturaliste des esprits." A naturalist of the soul is a psychographer, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Bradford furnishes us with a very good reason for giving a distinct name to essays like his, citing a great French novelist as having done the same thing for a sufficient reason. When Zola was reproached for calling his work Naturalism, although it was not really a new thing in letters, the novelist replied: "You are perfectly right. But I need a name to attract the attention of the public. When I repeat the word over and over, it is bound at last to make people think there is something in it." If any one wishes to be a psychograph, let him have his desire; but we shall demand that his new type of sketch be better than sketches that are not distinguished by specific names.

And what is his finished product? It is an attempt to explain a man by citing typical incidents and sayings from his life and writings. There is no formal statement of the man's philosophy, no summing up of his character from a general impression of his work as a whole. Psychography, he tells us, "seeks to extract what is essential, what is permanent and so vitally characteristic" in "the perpetual flux of actions and circumstances that constitutes a man's whole life"; and that is what he seeks to achieve in his essays. By such a method a writer, in the first place, will instinctively form his impression of the man he wishes to write about and then select the incidents that illustrate the character he thinks he has discovered. Whether or not they do justice to the subject will depend on the writer's faculty of forming a just judgment. In other words, it will depend on his power of generalization. The reader, who will rarely know as much about the subject as the writer who is trying to enlighten him, must take what is offered as the main point, and the impression obtained is as truly the writer's impression as if the essay had stated didactically the leading characteristics of the man under discussion. No amount of illustration by incidents and speeches will replace the function of the writer.

If, therefore, psychographs are no more true than old-fashioned essays, we must find their superior charm in the advantage of style they offer to the reader. In Mr. Bradford's handling this gain is very evident. He has a light touch, a sense of human interest, and the faculty of making his subject live before the eyes of the reader. Merely didactic writing cannot fulfil the function he seeks and obtains from his deftly made mosaics of incidents and sayings, connected in a system of preconceived design. To borrow still another illustration from the graphic arts, his portraits of men are like pictures in broken colors, which when properly seen have sense of vibration that never comes to the pictures that are painted with continuous and blended brush strokes. Mr. Bradford's essays have the effect of vibration, so far as mere brushwork goes. If they fail to satisfy a specific reader, it is because they seem to fall short in that balance of design which is analogous to what the painter calls composition.

In his rather full discussion of Sainte-Beuve as a psychographer, he leads us to make a comparison between his own essays and the celebrated *Causerie du Lundi*. The result is not very happy for the living writer. The Frenchman was possessed of great genius. He was, perhaps, "a naturalist of souls," as he said, but it was the whole soul that he studied. He could divine its general characteristics at a glance, and it was these features that he examined and described in his impersonal and thoroughly charming manner. His words to Ernest Legouvé show his method with sufficient clearness. He said: "Je ne parle jamais d'un écrivain tant que je n'ai pas trouvé le point central de son œuvre, le trait dominant de son caractère." If Mr. Bradford had not challenged this comparison, the reader would hardly have thought to make it.

On the other hand, his essays, taken in themselves, are entertaining through their sparkle and realism. They offer us pleasant pictures for whiling away the time in intellectual recreation. In subject they show little idea of coordination. There is no logical connection between Donne, Trollope, and Francis of Sales. In the author's "Confederate Portraits" and his "Union Portraits" it has been possible to receive each book as a source of information on a broad series of related facts; for there is unity between the portraits that make up each group. These portraits have, also, additional interest in the fact that they relate to a field about which we have all too little definite information for the ordinary reader, who will insist that his knowledge shall be presented to him in a form he can relish. That Mr. Bradford can minister to this individual's wants is beyond question; and if he is in quest of subjects and will accept a hint from the reviewer, let him run through the pages of that long discarded work, Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

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Jesus and the Psychologist

Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50 net.

THIS work is an attempt to interpret Jesus Christ and Christianity from a psychological point of view. In doing this much stress is laid on the soul of the race, which is sometimes called Mansoul. Dr. Hall is a distinguished psychologist, and in the special field of adolescence he is the leading American authority. All his life, he tells us in his introduction, he has been vitally interested in religion, and in his youth he studied theology for several years.

The author truly says that the critical study of the New Testament has thrown much light on the life of Jesus. He even considers these researches "one of the greatest triumphs of modern scholarship and intellectual acumen."

Dr. Hall thinks that "the inevitable next step with all this wealth of material must be psychological" (p. vii). "One of the great tasks of the psychology of the future . . . must be to reinterpret its Lord and Master to the Christian world" (p. viii). "*Bonus psychologus* (not *bonus grammaticus*, as the old phrase ran), *bonus theologus*" (p. 27). We shall readily admit, as beyond all reasonable question, that psychology has a very important contribution to make to the study of religion in general and to the understanding of Christianity in particular; but at the same time we must not forget that many wise and true things have been said, in untechnical language, about Jesus' mental and spiritual life by men who were in no sense professional psychologists. The net result of the author's psychological interpretation of the Founder of Christianity can best be given in his own words: "He is at bottom what we most profoundly feel him to be" (p. viii). What Kant said about the subjective idealism of Berkeley is also applicable to this view of Christ, who loses thereby the objective reality of an historical person and becomes a mere figment of the imagination. It is quite in keeping with this idea that Dr. Hall writes as follows: "Thus, even if the Church should ever have to dispense with the historicity of its founder, which neither now is nor seems likely to be the case, it would make far less difference than either orthodoxy or those who deny him suppose. Why, indeed, should it make any more practical difference . . . than it makes to the Swiss peasant whether William Tell was a person or a solar myth?" (pp. 244f.). It does not—on the author's theory of Christ and Christianity.

According to Dr. Hall, the miraculous birth of Jesus, which is quite inexcusably called the immaculate conception, is incredible as a fact despite the attempt of apologists to find instances of parthenogenesis; but as a symbol of "God's return into human life" it is profound and precious.

Speaking of the miracles narrated in the Gospels (except some of the cures), the author says that "in the literal sense in which the synoptists record and orthodoxy accepts them, they are as untrue as dreams or hallucinations" (p. 667). But as "symbols of Jesus' ecstatic and abounding life . . . they contain the very heart and soul of the Gospel, and tell us in different allegories only one thing, viz., that a far better, richer, more potent, free, joyous human life has actually existed and can again be in and for us" (p. 674). Whatever one thinks of this view of the Gospel miracles, the phrase "cadavers of truth" (p. 674) is a most unhappy designation for them.

How did the disciples come to believe that Jesus had risen from the dead? Dr. Hall is interested in this question rather than in the alleged fact of the resurrection. He explains the disciples' belief in the resurrection of Jesus on the basis of the grief (psychalgia) which they suffered through his death and their natural rebound therefrom—"a great resurgence from the extreme of depression to that of exaltation" (p. 677). Only on this theory, the author thinks, can the resurrection as a psychic fact be explained. Otherwise it remains in the category of the miraculous. Dr. Hall rightly emphasizes the importance of the disciples' belief in the resurrection of their Master, but he accounts for it without supposing that Jesus survived the death of the body.

Awkward and obscure sentences, split infinitives, and technical words abound throughout the work. If "presentify," "thumic," and "hebamic" mystify or offend, the climax is reached in "Jesusissity." Dr. Hall's Latin and Greek are not unimpeachable, and even his German quotations are sometimes faulty. The names of many well-known scholars have suffered violence at the author's hands, and sometimes the titles of their books are garbled.

Dr. Hall discusses a great variety of subjects in this book, and he shows an acquaintance with a wide range of literature. But the orthodox believer, the New Testament scholar, and the "gentle reader" will each find in the work some cause of offence; and the earnest Christian who is looking for a helpful interpretation of Christ and Christianity will feel grievously disappointed. Indeed, on laying down these two volumes by the learned psychologist one is moved to exclaim, "Ne supra crepidam sutor."

An Introduction to the Old Testament

An Introduction to the Old Testament Chronologically Arranged. By Harlan Creelman, Ph.D., D.D., with a foreword by Frank Knight Sanders, Ph.D., D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

AS the author states, this work has grown out of his experience in "the practical needs of the classroom," and it is a compendium of the judgments and views of modern scholars, without putting forward any claim to "originality of investigation." It is intended to serve as a textbook for colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, as a basis "for the instructor's lectures," or in connection with an Old Testament history, as also "for the use of the busy minister, who may desire to know the conclusions of modern scholarship." As it is designed for the use not of Biblical experts, but of readers and students of the English Bible, the references to literature are confined to books in the English language. The claim to our notice, when so many good introductions were already in existence, is its chronological order, as over against the arrangement of other introductions, either according to the order of the books or by literary divisions, as history, poetry, etc. This chronology commends the work for use in the consecutive study of the history of the Jews, or of the evolution of their religion, to which study topical arrangement is not so well adapted as chronological.

Mr. Creelman's method is to give in one chapter introductory and explanatory notes on the history and literature of a given period, as, for instance, "primitive times to the conquest of Palestine," and in the following chapter

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a chronological outline of the Biblical material attributable to that period. In the former, his preferences or opinions are contained in paragraphs in larger type; some reasons for these beliefs, as also divergent views, are presented in paragraphs in smaller type. In the latter chapter the author enumerates, under sections dated as accurately as may be, those Bible passages which refer to the period thus introduced, or which constitute the material available for the study of that period, each such section containing notes on the composition and authorship of those passages, and the divergent views of various authorities. Three appendices deal with the Ezra-Nehemiah problem, Canticles, and the question of Biblical chronology in general. Lists of reference literature and abbreviations, an analytical table of contents, and four indices, giving the references to Bible passages, under two categories, names and subjects, and citations from authorities, serve as a dictionary to facilitate the handling of the entire material by the student.

It must be confessed that the conscientiousness and modesty of the author are likely, in the reviewer's judgment, sadly to confound and confuse the student, making him feel that no dates and no ascriptions of authorship or of period are established. For almost every date there is a question or an alternative, and for every Bible book and Biblical passage different analyses are presented, or they are ascribed to diverse authors and assigned to periods often widely divergent. For that reason this volume can best be used as a companion to some work dealing constructively with the history of the Jews and their religion, as a means to enable teacher or student to analyze and criticise the results there presented.

Notes

THE "Unwritten History of Braddock's Field" is the outcome of a movement begun in January, 1917, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Borough of Braddock, Pennsylvania, and the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the first white settlement west of the Alleghany Mountains on ground now within the limits of North Braddock. "Braddock's Field," of course, is the scene of the defeat by the French and Indians of the British general, Edward Braddock, and the British regulars and American colonial troops, among whom was George Washington, serving as an aide-de-camp, on July 9, 1755. On "Braddock's Field" now stand several busy towns and a number of important industrial plants. A score of sketches trace the early history of the locality, the development of different industries, the methods of transportation, the growth of the towns, and the activities of prominent individuals. The claim of the editor, George H. Lamb, that "Braddock's Field" is one of the very important localities in American history seems unduly magnified because Braddock's movement was neither the first protest made in that region against the French claim nor the vital one, and because it ended in disaster. Importance beyond that of sentiment cannot be derived from its ill fortune. George Washington early in the year 1754 had fought and defeated the French at Great Meadows, and there American attention was first attracted to him. It is somewhat curious that a Pennsylvania writer should fail to mention the fact that 200 Pennsylvanians were among the small number of Braddock's colonial troops, that the Pennsylvania Assembly voted £5,000 for Braddock, £10,000 to provision the Virginia troops, and £5,000 for supplies for the Indians, road-cutting, and wagons; and that Benjamin Franklin gave his own bond to acquire for the expedition 150 wagons and 1,500 horses from eastern Pennsylvania.

THE study of the "Economic History of Wisconsin During the Civil War Decade," by Frederick Merk (Historical Society of Wisconsin), is of more than local interest. Those familiar with the excellent account of social and economic conditions in the North during the Civil War by E. D. Fite know how interesting were the changes then under way. Nowhere were they more important than in the great Northwest, rapidly filling with settlers, railways, and manufactories, raising one great crop after another, pushing forward inventions, and seeing Chicago grow at a bound to a great metropolis. Wisconsin reproduced in miniature many features of the contemporary Northwestern economic history. An agricultural development in Wisconsin like that of her neighbors is described: lumbering like that of Michigan and Minnesota; lead-mining like that about Dubuque and Galena; an urban growth in Milwaukee comparable to that in Chicago. This was the period when the Wisconsin breweries began their rise under Pabst and Schlitz; when four Milwaukee men, led by an ingenious politician named Sholes, invented the typewriter, which they disposed of to Densmore for $12,000; when Wisconsin mechanics began to bring flour-making to the perfection it has reached there and in Minnesota; and when steam was first fully applied to lumbering.

MARIETTA COLLEGE, through its Historical Commission, has published an excellently planned volume, "The Record of the Ohio Company," by Archer B. Hulbert. This institution is particularly rich in early Ohio historical material, since it is situated in the first town established by the United States in the territory northwest of the Ohio River, and at all times has played an important rôle in the development of the State. The Commission has evolved a plan of publishing in a scientific manner the source material which has accumulated in the archives of the College. This will take years to carry to completion and should result in a well-rounded story of certain phases of Ohio's history. The records of the Ohio Company left by the various secretaries in large sheep-bound volumes remained in the possession of the Putnam family for many years, but were finally presented to Marietta College by General Putnam's son, William R. Putnam, Esq. In this volume only a beginning of the publication of the records is made. The period covered extends from January 25, 1786, to December 21, 1789. The editorial work on the volume is well done; adequate information concerning individuals mentioned in the records is contained in the footnotes; and it is evident that care has been taken to publish the document exactly as it was found in the manuscript. There has been incorporated in the records a most excellent map of the Ohio Company's purchase. Professor Hulbert is particularly good in his treatment of the evolution of the Ohio Company and is unquestionably right in tracing its origin to the Newburgh petition which was written by General Putnam himself. The introduction is undoubtedly the best scientific contribution to history made by an author who has been responsible for the production of many volumes on Western history.

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ILLINOIS unfortunately failed to mark the centenary of Lincoln's birth in any permanent way, but has given funds to a Centennial Commission which is not neglecting the opportunity offered by the centenary of the State's admission. The first of six volumes to be published has appeared in "Illinois in 1818," by Solon J. Buck. It is an accurate, full, and interestingly written account of the pioneer State as seen from the social, economic, political, and constitutional points of view: a cross-section of history. Quite properly, Dr. Buck has not confined himself to one year, or to ten years. The chapters on Indians and the fur trade, on the public lands, on the extent of settlement, and on the pioneers, in particular, look backward to the beginning of the century, and those on social and economic conditions look forward beyond 1820. In 1818 Illinois was a picturesquely rough region: it had two towns, Kaskaskia, the capital, and Shawneetown, the seat of salt works and a land office; it was filling fast, but the Kickapoos, Sauk, Fox, Potawatami, and Winnebago were a numerous element, and the gayly shiftless French not negligible. There were lawless sections—the Vincennes-St. Louis road especially being a notorious haunt of cutthroats. The vivid narratives of travellers and old settlers have been drawn upon largely in the account of social conditions; and pains have been taken to illustrate the book with many drawings, photographs, and old cuts.

A CAREFUL account of "Party Organization and Machinery in Michigan since 1890," by Arthur Chester Millspaugh (Johns Hopkins Press), finds evidence of striking changes in party politics since Harrison ran against Cleveland and Hazen S. Pingree first began to rise to notice. The author traces the legislative regulation of party organization through certain distinct phases, culminating in the enactment of laws for direct methods of nomination and the avoidance of fraud in elections. The difficulties in writing of years so recent is obvious; but Mr. Millspaugh shows with a good deal of color how far from being representative or honest were the parties under such leadership. Downright buying and sale of votes and influence, intimidation, disturbances, and manipulation of the ignorant or indifferent marked those days. With the direct primary an indisputable gain has been registered in the growing boldness with which popular opinion questions bad party arrangements. The study is a suggestive one in what may be called applied political science.

THE committee of management of the John Carter Brown Library has issued its report for 1916–1917. In a few printed pages the story of the year's progress is told. The acquisition of rare books, maps, and manuscripts was considerably below normal, a thing to be expected in these trying times. Among the accessions, however, in addition to several early items from the presses of Mexico (1646) and Lima (1605 and 1620), may be named Robert Auchmuty's "The Importance of Cape Breton to the British Nation" (London, 1745) and "The Case and Complaint of Mr. Samuel Maxwell, Pastor of a Church of Christ in Rehoboth, of the Baptist Denomination," printed by James Franklin (Newport, R. I., 1750). Two items of very special interest are: a broadside of the Dutch West India Company (Schiedam, 1663), the only other known copy being that in the British Museum, and a manuscript of thirty-two pages entitled "Insularum de la Bermuda detectio," written about 1622. Two of the three sections into which the manuscript is divided are from the pen of John Pory, the Virginian adventurer; the other is from the hand of Richard Norwood, at one time official surveyor of the English plantation in the Bermudas. It is quite possible that the manuscript may have been in the possession of John Smith, for the redoubtable captain quotes part of it in his "Generall Historie of Virginia" (1624). The Library continues to be generously helpful to distant scholars.

GOVERNOR SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER was a gifted man. His activities were many and diverse, but his chief avocation was the collecting of Americana, particularly early Pennsylvania imprints, many of which, after his death in 1916, passed into the possession of the American Antiquarian Society. As a writer he was rather prolific for an amateur, his themes being most frequently historical. Such a man deserves to be celebrated, and it is well that one of the clubs to which he belonged—the Philobiblon Club of Philadelphia—has recently printed in an edition limited to two hundred copies an address by Mr. Hampton L. Carson, confined largely to Governor Pennypacker's literary traits and accomplishments as a bibliophile. The address, though at points inadequate, is entirely sympathetic and pleasing. It is always refreshing to encounter a man like the subject of this sketch who, in the midst of public life, found time for the trivialities which never fail to warm the bibliophile's heart. The only thing to regret is that Mr. Carson's study of his friend will not be more widely read.

ONE of the most picturesque, though not one of the ablest, of Civil War Governors was the sturdy Iowa miller and lawyer, Samuel J. Kirkwood, who was Chief Executive of the State from 1860 to 1864, was United States Senator in 1866 and 1867, was both Governor and Senator again in the seventies, and closed his public career by serving as Secretary of the Interior under Garfield. The first biography of him worthy of the name now appears in the Iowa Biographical Series (State Historical Society of Iowa), written by Dan Elbert Clark. It is a full-length portrait, which might easily be in better proportion; childhood and youth, and later passages essentially private, are treated with a detail curiously lacking in the treatment of some phases of his official career. Kirkwood's personality is not vividly recreated, and though his career might be made to illustrate much of Iowa's social history at the time it was first touched by railways, its prairies were first broken, its district schools and university were alike in infancy, and its capital was a village, the pages dealing with social topics are lamentably lacking in color. The quality which most redeems the book is its clear-sighted frankness in appraising Kirkwood's merits and deficiencies. He was often a forthright, admirable figure, as when he stood up in dusty miller's garb in the convention which gave birth to the Republican party in Iowa and made a speech that brought him State leadership; he was not so when, stumping the State and losing his temper, he offered to fight a heckler "with his fists, pistols, knives, or in any other way"; or when he presumed to tell Lincoln in 1862 that he doubted whether Lincoln had courage enough to dismiss McClellan; or when he ran for Representative at past seventy. He was an energetic, capable Governor in a critical time, but his

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biographer admits that he "lacked the genius for administration of the type required in the Department of the Interior."

IT is hardly to be expected that Professor Wenley's "Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris" (Macmillan) will appeal to a large circle of readers. Professor Morris died nearly thirty years ago, and the number of those who knew him personally is naturally limited. Nor can it be said that the influence of his writings on American thought has been especially noteworthy. The most important product of his pen was a translation (Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy"). His life, moreover, was by no means eventful—a succession of rather quiet years of study and teaching. One can, therefore, but wonder at the pious and painstaking labor with which Professor Wenley has followed out all the little details of this admirable but not very interesting career. Perhaps the sub-title of his book will make his effort somewhat less surprising; for Professor Wenley means his book to be "A Chapter in the History of American Thought in the Nineteenth Century." So indeed it is. And the reader who has the time to peruse its three hundred and thirty pages will bring away with him a pleasing picture of a typical New England home in the middle of the last century, a sense of close acquaintance with several of the intellectual movements and leaders of the time, and a vivid impression of one of the most important members of that little group of philosophers who labored so untiringly to transplant Hegelianism to American soil.

MRS. M. E. HALL'S biography of Roger Williams, an unpretending little volume that opens with a bibliography, in deference to modern expectations, and closes with a poem, in memory of ancient practices, is a useful work in many ways (Pilgrim Press; $1.25). It tells the story of Roger Williams's life simply and without undue unction, it gives reality and homelikeness to a man whose personality is wholly unfamiliar to the great majority of those who know his name, and it is accurate in the main, furnishing as many facts as are necessary, and holding the interest of the reader very successfully to the end. It is a book that can be read through in two or three hours and one that ought to attract young people, not to say their elders, for the style is easy, the pages are illustrated, and the introduction by the Rev. Mr. King, which is a trifle sonorous, can be conveniently skipped. We are sorry that Mrs. Hall, who evidently wishes her work to have a scholarly as well as a literary flavor, should start off with two errors, of no great moment as far as Roger Williams is concerned, yet errors nevertheless. The first appears in the opening paragraph, where we are told that "little Rhody" is unique in having had what no other State has had—two capitals. Surely Mrs. Hall has heard of Connecticut with its two capitals until 1875, even if she is not familiar with the fact that New Jersey had two capitals until 1790. The second error lies in the remark that the Star Chamber was a "London Court." As the Star Chamber was in Westminster, not London, and was a royal not a municipal court, having nothing to do with London except as it might have caused Londoners to be haled before it, the slip is a careless one. It is also a mistake to start off with the remark that Roger Williams was one of "the finest characters in United States history." But happily Mrs. Hall does not make the perfections of her hero too prominent.

THE history of most State Boards of Health is prosy reading, but that of the Massachusetts body is one of solid achievement, medical, sanitary, and even æsthetic and moral. The Board was built from the beginning on the sound foundation of the public-spirited interest which Boston physicians and the Harvard Medical School had taken in the city's health problems. The Paul Revere Board of Health, founded in 1799, with its first quaint rule against the building of hog-sties without a license (a rule, by the way, that Philadelphia and other cities might look up with profit even yet), led in many American sanitary measures: it was the first official body to support the movement for vaccination introduced by the Boston physician Benjamin Waterhouse. Liberally supported by the Legislature, energetically governed and calling upon the police power of the State when necessary, and enrolling among its officers some remarkable men, the Massachusetts State Board has been regarded with respect not merely in America, but in Europe. Its history is now being competently written by Prof. George Chandler Whipple, and the first volume, under the title of "State Sanitation," has just appeared (Harvard University Press).

SO far as known, the first trained nurses to undertake regular work in an American public school did so in Chicago in 1903, when some were employed to visit crippled children; the school use of nurses to prevent or cure disease began in New York a year later, when Miss Lillian Wald's settlement supplied Lina Rogers Struthers to demonstrate what could be done. The wide scope of the development of public-school nursing since then is known to every educator. Cities which adopted with reluctance a system of medical inspection of the school children and after calming heated opposition brought a few nurses into the schools to teach elementary hygiene and treat ringworm, scabies, bad teeth, ailments of the eyes, and so on, are now sending increasing numbers of nurses from the schools into the homes. Miss Struthers, having followed six years' duty as Superintendent of School Nurses in New York city with three years as Superintendent in Toronto, has written in "The School Nurse" (Putnam; $1.75) a description of the duties and responsibilities of school nurses and those who direct them illuminated by notes from her own varied experience. The arrangement of the book is not good, but the treatment is as thorough as it could be without carrying the book unduly into the field of medicine and surgery, and the work, which stands almost alone in the field, should be of value to the growing numbers interested in the subject.

THE Colver Lectures as given at Brown University in 1917 by Dr. W. W. Keen and published under the title of "Medical Research and Human Welfare" (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.25 net) are presented as a record of personal experiences during a professional life of fifty-seven years. With the exception of Jenner's demonstration of vaccination against smallpox and the discovery of anæsthesia, all the great discoveries of modern medicine were made in this period. The labors of Virchow in establishing modern pathology, Pasteur's creation of the new science of bacteriology, Lister's principle of antiseptic surgery, the discovery of curative serums, the demonstration of insect carriers of disease, the practical uses of the X-ray, and improvements in sanitation are the outstanding marks of medical progress in the last six decades. These with many other less notable

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advances are discussed in a popular way and with always the point of view of the man who has lived through each advance of knowledge and is therefore, in the light of earlier experience, in a position to judge of the progress made. It is this personal experience that adds to the interest of the reader, whether physician or layman, and gives a personal touch, usually lacking in retrospective compilations. Throughout the book Dr. Keen emphasizes "Research" as the most potent influence in the progress of medicine, and he shows how the experimental method is responsible for one advance after another. The layman will be astonished to learn that in the period of pre-anæsthesia surgery some operations were possible only when the patients "were bound hand and foot and held in the tight grip of four strong orderlies"; that at the Pennsylvania Hospital during the period 1803-1833 every eighteenth mother died of puerperal septicemia; and that before the adoption of Lister's principles practically every wound, surgical or accidental, became infected. How conditions such as these were either bettered or prevented entirely, and how progress in the knowledge of the causation and treatment of a large number of diseases resulted through the application of the experimental method, Dr. Keen tells in a very interesting and non-technical way.

THE "Studies in Psychology" (Worcester: Louis N. Wilson), contributed by colleagues and former students of Edward Bradford Titchener and presented to him in commemoration of the completion of twenty-five years of service in the Cornell Laboratory, although perhaps containing little that is specially noteworthy, together make a decidedly strong showing of the influence of a great teacher on standards and methods of work. The papers represent a comparatively wide range of interests, from, for example, visual rhythm and the memory of absolute pitch to the social psychology of man and the lower animals, the content and analysis of the religious consciousness, and the principles of psychological explanation. For the most part, they report experiments on narrowly restricted topics, and where this is not the case they could hardly have been written except by authors disciplined in the rigid methods of experimental research. Particularly impressive is the long list of Professor Titchener's own publications, embracing thirty-six books, including translations, a hundred and sixty-four articles, exclusive of reviews and summaries, and over a hundred titles of the writings of others which either alone or in collaboration he has edited. This is an achievement well worth recording of one who is the most laborious and exacting of experimental psychologists. Professor Titchener well deserves the eulogy prefixed to the volume and describing in citation the ideal psychologist to whom the facts and laws of mind are the most real and interesting things in the universe, and Cornell University is to be congratulated, however the fact may be regretted elsewhere, that on the presentation of the volume he took occasion to announce that he had declined the call recently extended to him to the chair of psychology at Harvard.

THE symposium, "The Prison and the Prisoner" (Little, Brown & Co.; $2.50 net), edited by Julia K. Jaffray and dedicated to Adolph Lewisohn, explains the several aspects of the most modern prison system. It is the joint work of legal, medical, and other specialists, and calls attention to those many inadequate provisions of modern society with respect to its refractory members, criticism of which has been especially the mode since the rise into prominence of Thomas M. Osborne. There can be no serious fault found with the general tone and purpose of this publication; it is partisan, but not repellently so. A survey of methods cannot do anything but good. If there are better ways of treating the inevitable ills of life, we want to know and practice them with as little delay as possible. However, there is always a chance that the older ways have in them an element of sense and expediency that should not be rejected under the spell of a novel idea. The rights of the individual, specially of the unfortunate, should be safeguarded. But when we single out a particular type of individual and begin to agitate for his rights, we ought not to forget that we may thereby subtract something from the rights of other types—of people who give society no trouble and are therefore likely to be forgotten. The projects outlined in this book are creditable and magnanimous; and if they are worked out coolly and scientifically, with a full realization of all the factors in the field, they will doubtless assist greatly in securing that adjustment of society to its life conditions which issues in increased well-being for us all.

"CULTURE and Ethnology," by Robert H. Lowie (McMurtrie), is a little volume containing four lectures on the relations of culture to psychology, race, and environment, and on the determinants of culture, and concluding with a longer disquisition on "Terms of Relationship," appended to illustrate ethnological method. The author does not think that culture—meaning by that term *Kultur* or civilization—can be explained by psychology, or by race, or by geographic environment. It can be explained only in terms of itself: *omnis cultura ex cultura*. This book contains a great many interesting facts, but it hardly realizes its avowed object of popularization; it is too solemn and heavy, and contains, besides, many terms that are not understood off-hand.

"MANKIND," with the sub-title "Racial Values and the Racial Prospect," is an energetic addition to eugenic literature, by Seth K. Humphrey (Scribner; $1.50 net). The author has no doubt that the physically vigorous do their full share, and more, towards the propagation of the race, but he doubts whether as much could be said of the mentally vigorous; yet it is the latter who count. "A civilization picks out the best from every part of her human supply, leads it to greater achievement, and to less fertility." The result has been "local dissolutions" at the centres of civilization. But hitherto there have been "human values in reserve"; and "thus the *inaccessibility* of the world's complete store of human values to the prodigal demands of any one civilization was the guarantee that another should always rise to take its place. And this raises the pertinent question, How would a *universal* civilization manage to replenish its extravagant waste of effective human material?" With the development of easy communications, the reserves, formerly isolated, are being exhausted. This is an interesting method of approach; and it is made the more so by an immediate and contemporary application. In the present war the best are being killed off, the dominant handful upon which societies depend for leadership. An acute analysis of the conditions of the several combatant nations, from the selected standpoint of the author, reveals to his satisfaction that dominance in the future lies between the Eng-

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lish and German-speaking peoples. Much in this book is keen and novel, but it whisks us, in the end, rather far afield.

"THE Story of the New Testament" (University of Chicago Press; $1 net), by Edgar J. Goodspeed, is a brief, almost slender, account of the origin and purpose of the books of the New Testament and is designed for use in Bible classes. The author, who is a competent scholar and is quite aware of the debatable character of much of the evidence upon which his statements are based, seems to assume that the student is interested not in the way in which conclusions are reached, but in the assured results of a given expert. There are advantages in a popular book written on that assumption, especially in the presentation of the material; but there is also the danger that the reader of an attractively written book like this may come to feel that it is quite plain sailing in New Testament criticism.

"THE Doctrine of the Atonement" (Scribner; 75 cents net), by J. K. Mozley, is a recent volume in the excellent series of "Studies in Theology." It is devoted mainly to a sketch of the history of the idea from its beginnings in Scripture down to the present. In treating the Biblical data, the distinction between the expiatory value of Jewish sacrifices and the expiatory value of the sufferings and especially the death of the righteous for the unrighteous is not sharply drawn, though the distinction is important to the understanding of much of the New Testament material. In the last chapter, Towards a Doctrine, the author, for whom the atonement is at once fact, doctrine, and mystery, urges properly enough that, in stating a theory of the significance of the death of Christ, justice must be done to the Bible, the moral consciousness, and Christian religious experience; but no definite theory is stated and the chapter is admittedly unsatisfactory. The value of the book lies in the historical survey.

PROF. GEORGE McCREADY PRICE has undertaken the task of setting us "square with Genesis again." The title of his book is "Q. E. D., or New Light on the Doctrine of Creation" (Fleming Revell; 75 cents). The author's purpose is to contrast the doctrines of evolution and of creation as outlined in Genesis. To an unbiassed critic Mr. Price would seem to discredit himself by his title. He is quite correct when he holds that continuous evolution of plants and animals from earlier types can never be proved to such a perfection that we can close the problem and write Q. E. D. at the bottom of the page. But why is he so severe with men of science who are trying to unravel a few little bits of the skein of nature? If men of science sin by building a temple on flimsy foundations, why does this particular man of science sin in a much more flagrant way? Mr. Price uses the same instruments of human observation and human reason to prove that the book of Genesis is the word of God. It is a pity that a man should use great industry to seek the truth and then spoil his work by a twist in his reason which leads him to such a conclusion as: "It becomes almost a mathematical Q. E. D. that things were made in the beginning by methods and processes that are no longer operative."

WILLIAM H. WORRELL, of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, has prepared an edition of the Coptic Psalter of the Freer Collection, together with a number of Coptic Fragments (Macmillan; $2). The Coptic texts are carefully reproduced, and comparisons with other Coptic material are added. The editor is inclined to assign to this Psalter (which is of the Sahidic type) a date not later than the eighth century of our era, and he finds in it little or no material for a modification of the text of our Greek manuscripts.

LEAVING out of view all questions as to the fitness of "Productive Plant Husbandry" (Lippincott; $1.75 net) for use in high schools, one can say that the author, Prof. Kary Cadmus Davis, has brought together and well arranged a large amount of interesting and trustworthy material. A great deal of this material is presented in so attractive a form that we can recommend the volume for casual reading. The range of subjects is very wide, extending from a general study of plant life and seed production to a consideration of specific vegetables, cereals, leguminous crops, and of the elements of forestry. The advice in regard to the several kinds of cultivated plants is sound and is quite as full as the space permits. A fair amount of attention is paid by the author to the rural community and its pressing needs. Every one recognizes the trend of population towards the cities and the manufacturing towns. The author makes interesting suggestions in regard to increasing the attractiveness of the farm in order to stem the tide. It appears to be difficult to convince young people that a working day which begins with sunrise and lasts with one short intermission until after sundown is preferable to a city day of eight hours. The organization of community activities, with helpful coöperation, would seem to be the only possible solution of the problem. The author bravely confronts the difficulties and makes helpful suggestions. The volume is over-illustrated, many of the engravings being wholly needless from the reader's point of view. But the author and publisher are merely following an absurd fashion in this respect.

FEW Americans of our day are better equipped in point of broad scholarship, official experience, and literary facility than the senior Senator from Massachusetts. That fact, quite apart from the intrinsic merits of his book, assures to Henry Cabot Lodge's "War Addresses" (Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50 net) an appreciative circle of readers. No one should assume from the title of the volume, however, that the eighteen addresses contained within it deal directly with the present world conflict. Only one of them, in fact, bears immediately upon that subject, while a half-dozen others come to rather close quarters by discussing such matters as American rights at sea, preparations for national defence, the arming of merchantmen, and various other points of ante-bellum controversy. The majority of the addresses are either political speeches made in criticism of President Wilson's first Administration or formal orations delivered at unveilings and occasions of that sort. These latter are "war addresses" only in the sense of their having been spoken since hostilities opened in Europe. All of them, however, are interesting in substance and faultless in form. Holding opinions which he is both ready and able to defend, Senator Lodge is a fair debater, and his pages contain no imputation of sinister motives to those whose views differ from his own.

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ACCORDING to Ian Hay, in "The Oppressed English" (Doubleday, Page; 50 cents), Ireland is really much better off than England. She is, for example, just as free as England, Scotland, or Wales; indeed, it would seem that she is much more free, for is she not "heavily over-represented in the House of Commons"? Again, the Irish refusal to have anything to do with Lloyd George's ante-bellum Land Valuation and National Insurance acts, and more recently their exemption from conscription under the Military Service act, clearly indicate that "Ireland enjoys a freedom not vouchsafed to the nations of the sister isle." Not content with the large liberty she enjoyed, Ireland demanded nothing less than self-government. Instead of unreservedly accepting the generous measure of Home Rule offered by England, she insisted upon the retention at Westminster of forty Irish members. This demand, we are picturesquely told, "broke the camel's back . . . the worm turned, and the storm broke." England had almost "risked the disintegration of the United Kingdom to remove and assuage the ancient grievance of Ireland." And what is really wrong, at bottom, is that these "lovable but irresponsible people" cannot "agree among themselves as to what they really want." It is to be feared that "The Oppressed English" will antagonize many people and mildly amuse only a few.

THE "colyumists"—the "stylites" of our day—are an unfailing source of joy. They are fresher—yes, we said fresher—and more instructive than an impulse from the vernal wood. Sages grow mellow under their kindly influence and folly becomes funny, instead of remaining merely ridiculous. For sheer fecundity they are the little Antonies that grow the more by reaping; the Swiss chards, only infinitely more savory, of literature; and the well-known productivity of Lope de Vega or the genus Aphididæ they have, as Apollo had Marsyas, *flayed,* shall we say, by at least a mile. They speak the language of to-day, not as knowing no other, but loving it for its own sake, as Shakespeare did that of his day, and capable, like him, of relishing contrasts. Of them all Mr. Franklin P. Adams ("F. P. A.") has a good claim to be regarded as coryphæus, and his volume, "Weights and Measures" (Doubleday, Page; $1 net), makes up for any lack of weight by being immeasurably amusing. He touches nothing, Horace or *vers libre,* that he does not, after his fashion, adorn. He says he is grateful to Arthur Guiterman for having penned the deathless line, "I hope to God a lion bit her." We are in turn grateful to him for his Captain Hans of the submarines, who feeds "the sea with human be'n's"; and for the Dove River Anthology:

> She dwelt among the untrodden ways
> Near Dove Springs Junction. . . .
> Few were informed of her death.
> But it made a difference to some.
> Eh, William Wordsworth?

Some editor of the distant future will observe in his notes variorum that the line on page 78, reading:

> Hurry, O my Thaliarchus, let us go that to there place.

should be "let us go there to that place"; but using such echoes of the vernacular as chance to have reached us, we hazard the guess that the poet wrote: "Let us go to *that there* place."

PROF. ALEXANDER McADIE has put in the hands of students an attractive textbook, "The Principles of Aerography" (Rand, McNally & Co.), which bids fair to establish the new term aerography in their minds: aerography for the realms of the air, geography for the surface of the earth. His treatise is attractively printed and contains fine illustrations. The style is lucid, he has collected a great amount of information—hardly an important paper on meteorology has escaped his attention—and he puts in an understandable way much that has been hitherto confined to technical journals; for instance, one finds an account of the stratosphere—that singular stratum of stationary temperature in the higher atmosphere which encircles the earth where we should expect a continuing increase of cold. He gives a full account of Dr. Simpson's research on the cause of thunder-storms, in which it is shown that the rapidly rising currents of air tear, so to speak, the molecules of water vapor apart and release the electrons. The book is well timed; for the advent of the aeroplane makes a knowledge of meteorology extremely important. The old saying that the wind bloweth where it listeth is now modified by the knowledge that its paths are controlled by stern conditions of temperature and pressure.

THE survivors of the original British Expeditionary Force recently celebrated their anniversary in London and passed into history by adopting the nickname of "Contemptibles" to perpetuate the Kaiser's hasty remark before he had tested their mettle at historic places like Le Cateau, Ypres, and Mons. In his entertaining "Leaves from an Officer's Notebook" (Longmans, Green; $3.25 net) Mr. Crawshay-Williams frankly takes stock of the qualities of these regular types, and compares them with the territorial militiaman who forms the nucleus of the present fighting force. The author, before rejoining the colors for the present war, had held a commission in the old regular army, and served in India and in South Africa. After noting changes in military tone regarding sobriety and a quiet earnestness, he remarks:

> On the whole, given a due time for training, I think I would prefer the Territorial stamp of officer and man . . . personally, I would prefer to have officers and men whose soldiering was relieved by some other occupation, than those whose soldiering was their sole aim in life. Of course, all ranks must be properly skilled (and here inevitably crops up the training question again); but I think that a wider experience of life than the soldier's tends to develop intelligence and initiative, and that it can do so without imperilling skill or discipline. . . . There is, no doubt, less rigid discipline among Territorials in normal times; but there is more initiative, more enthusiasm, and more potentiality. There is less actual knowledge of technical details, but more ability to grasp them when presented.

Mr. Crawshay-Williams gives us interesting glimpses of his experiences as an artillery officer in Flanders, more especially in Egypt and Palestine. With the tastes of a literary man pleasantly commingled with the inclinations of a professional soldier, he manages to invest his leisurely journal with unflagging interest for the reader: there are pages composed amid the discomforts of desert campaigning, in camp and under fire; reflections on army life in training at home and abroad, with sketches that reveal a curiosity in all brands of human nature. That the war has discovered and lost us (temporarily, we hope) a potential archæologist is compensated for by a personality whose kind, we should like to think, is increasingly found in uniform in this country and abroad. The war has at least given us an interesting book.

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